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SIR WILLIAM ARMSTRONG, MITCHELL & CO.

IN the Naval Architecture department of the Inventions Exhibition at South Kensington, the art of maritime warfare, as that art is at present understood, receives its fullest illustration in the series of models of ships of war which the firm of Sir William G. Armstrong, Mitchell and Co. there exhibit. These models represent a great variety of vessels, from the Chilian cruiser "Esmeralda," of 3,000 tons displacement and a speed of over eighteen knots, to the Nile steamer "Safia," of 150 tons displacement and ten knots speed, which was the last steamer abandoned by Sir Charles Wilson at Gubat, after his unsuccessful mission to Khartoum. There is a set of half models of gunboats showing the gradual development of boats of the "Staunch" class, beginning with the "Staunch" herself, built in 1867, and ending with the Chinese gunboats, "Iota," "Kappa," and "Lambda," built in 1881, worked and loaded by hydraulic power, two 12-pounder breech-loading guns, and two Gatlings. The firm have twenty-seven exhibits in all, which comprise models of war-ships, built for Holland, Japan, Russia and Austria, as well as steamers for the merchant service, amongst which are vessels of 9,000 tons displacement, one of them, the "Silvertown," having been launched in the extraordinary short space of a hundred working days from the time her keel was laid, being entirely finished in seven months from the date of the order. Visitors learned in such matters will find in these numerous models many striking improvements, the invention of recent years, in details of construction, indicating, when taken together, a great advance upon the achievements of former times in this direction. The same firm also exhibit, in the Fire-arms group, a collection of models and drawings illustrating modes of mounting heavy guns. Sir William Armstrong's name is further represented in connection with the Inventions Exhibition by a descriptive essay on hydraulic machinery, specially written by him for the official catalogue.

It would have been strange indeed if an exhibition expressly projected for the purpose of showing what progress has been made in all departments of invention during the last quarter of a century should not have given prominence to the name of Sir William Armstrong, whose successful career as an inventor covers far more than the period represented by the exhibition—from 1862 to the present time. To trace that career, from its humble beginning to the date of our writing, when, full of years and honours, Sir William stands at the head of a firm whose works reveal a frontage to the river Tyne of over a mile, and whose operations in the making of ships and implements of war are only second in importance to those carried on by the Government at Woolwich and elsewhere, cannot fail to be an interesting task.

In the days of the mosstroopers, the name of Armstrong—a more euphonious rendering of the older appellation of Strong-i'-th'-arm—was a name to conjure with in the borderland of the North, when might was right and the man who could lead his neighbours to victory over their common foemen beyond the Tweed was looked up to as a chieftain. It took brain as well as muscle, however, to make leaders, and from the prominence which the name of Armstrong obtained in those far-back times, it is only fair to conclude that they must have been men of sterling quality all round. From what particular branch of these Armstrongs the present Sir William Armstrong is descended could probably be shown, if it were considered worth while, but when a man possesses in himself a greater distinction than all his ancestors put together, the mere question of genealogy becomes of small moment. It may sometimes be of importance to a few rather quiet-going people in everyday life to show to the world that if they have done nothing themselves to win renown of any kind, that they at least had ancestors who made their mark, for good or evil, upon the centuries gone by; but with him who by his own ability and industry builds up a fame for himself amongst men there can be no greater pride than the consciousness of his own achievements. It will be sufficient, therefore, for the purposes of our brief biography, to go no further back for our starting point than to Sir William's father, who was a Cumberland man who began life at Wreay, a small place near Carlisle, with no brilliant prospects, but with a good heart and a clear head, and a determination not to be content with small things. He was induced to migrate to Newcastle at the suggestion of Mr. William Losh, a partner in the firm of Losh, Lubbrin and Co., corn merchants, and entered the office of that firm as a clerk at a very modest salary. How well he acquitted himself of the duties entrusted to him, and how thoroughly he obtained the confidence of his employers, may be gathered from the fact that in course of time he was made a partner, and ultimately, on the retirement of the senior members of the firm, succeeded to the entire business, which he managed

with considerable success thenceforward to the time of his death. He took a lively interest in the affairs of the town and in all leading public questions, and for many years was a prominent member of the Newcastle Town Council, being elected alderman in 1847, and in 1850 filling the office of mayor. He was one of the founders of the Newcastle Literary and Philosophical Society, and had a special liking for mathematical studies, in which he had not much difficulty in interesting his son William, when the lad, who had a natural bent in that direction, came to years of understanding. William Armstrong was born in Newcastle in 1810, his mother being the eldest daughter of Mr. William Potter, of Walbottle Hall. The father lived until the year 1857—long enough to see his son famous among men as an inventor and raised to knightly dignity.

From the days of his childhood, Sir William displayed the possession of inventive genius, and even in the matter of his toys indulged in mechanical arrangements of his own devising which were far in advance of his years. He was a delicate boy, and in order to protect him from the rigours of the Northern climate, his parents used to keep him confined to the house for months together during the winter, when he took advantage of his enforced seclusion to exercise his ingenuity upon such unpromising materials as happened to be at hand. When only five or six years old he was accustomed to amuse himself with setting a number of old spinning wheels in motion by means of weights descending on strings from top to bottom of his father's house over the staircase railings, making the wheels perform evolutions in imitation of pumping water and grinding corn. The days passed pleasantly enough to him while superintending these diverting operations, and so long as his mechanical playthings served to make his confinement acceptable to him, his parents looked on with gratification, without, however, for a moment suspecting that in these early evidences of ingenuity there was foreshadowed the strong genius of the inventor. Friends and relatives bought mechanical toys for the little prisoner, but they could not bring themselves to regard with unmixed satisfaction his mania for pulling them to pieces. With him this was a matter of simple investigation not to be resisted; to them it looked much more like pure mischief. When the cold winds had gone, and the atmosphere was tempered with sunshine, he was allowed to leave the house, and would often pay a visit to the establishment of his maternal grandfather, who was a builder; and in the joiners' shop there, where "old John Fordy" was the presiding genius, young Armstrong would spend hour after hour in working out his mechanical notions, with wonderful patience and industry, for though as yet his vision had not extended beyond the realm of toyland, he showed the true spirit of invention in all that he undertook, and improved upon most of the toys that were presented to him. Sometimes he would pre-

tend to assist "old John" in the regular work of joinering, and, happy in the thought that he was rendering useful service, would look up into the face of the old workman, and ask, with an earnest gravity that there was no mistaking, "How much money do you think I could earn, John?" The kindly joiner had to confess this to be a question beyond the power of his answering, but as he scanned the pale face and transparent hands of the little workman, and called him his "canny bairn," he would smilingly encourage him to further efforts, much as he desponded regarding the lad's health.

After receiving some educational training at private schools in Newcastle, William Armstrong was sent, in 1826, to the Bishop Auckland Grammar School, and continued there a few years for the completion of his scholastic studies. By this time his health was established, and he was able to cultivate his talent for mechanics with greater freedom than during the period of his previous home life. A visit to the engineering works of Mr. Ramshaw about this time made a deep impression upon the mind of the Bishop Auckland student, and so much was Mr. Ramshaw pleased with his visitor and the interest evinced by him in the various processes that were going forward that an invitation to the engineer's house speedily followed. That invitation was a fortunate event for young Armstrong in more senses than one, for it was at Mr. Ramshaw's house that he met Miss Ramshaw, the lady who afterwards became his wife, and who has since shared his anxieties and his triumphs, and been to him a true "help-meet." In spite of the many indications of scientific bias and inventive yearnings, which proclaimed themselves in William Armstrong in his youth and early manhood, the strange perversity of fate which seems to dog the footsteps of inventors in their beginnings followed the corn merchant's son, and diverted him from the path that, it ought to have been seen, was the one that he should have pursued from the first. William Armstrong's father could see nothing extraordinary in his son's mechanical sympathies and gifts; to him they were the mere amusements of an idle hour for one who, like his son, had the chances of winning his way in one of the learned professions. The father intended William for the law, and, doubtless with many misgivings as to the advisability of the step, the future artillery-engineer entered the office of Mr. Amorer Donkin, a Newcastle solicitor of standing, and the friend and adviser of the family, as an articled clerk. This was done immediately after his return from the Grammar School at Bishop Auckland. All thoughts of becoming an engineer were now cast aside, and young Armstrong devoted himself with intelligence and diligence to the study of the law, finishing the latter portion of the term of his apprenticeship in the London office of Mr. W. H. Watson, who was then a special pleader in the Temple, but was afterwards raised to the judicial bench as Baron Watson. After his admission as an

attorney, Mr. Armstrong returned to his native town and a partnership was arranged for him with the firm to whom he had been articled, which firm practised from that date under the style of Donkin, Stable, and Armstrong.

It was now considered that William Armstrong was settled for life in the highly honourable profession of the law. For thirteen long years the junior partner stuck to the work of advising clients, directing legal processes, making deeds and wills, and studying titles; and a very good lawyer he made. The business was an extensive one, and prosperous, and it seemed as if it would have to be "William Armstrong, solicitor," to the end of the chapter. But he was blessed with a certain amount of leisure-time, which he employed for the most part in following the pursuits which had been so great an attraction to him as a boy, although as yet he did not permit his taste for natural science to carry him beyond the bounds of his amusements. He was an ardent disciple of Isaak Walton, and was often to be found with his rod and line by the edge of the favourite fishing streams of the North. He did not fish as other anglers did, however, but was for ever inventing improvements in his tackle and equipment, becoming one of the most accomplished fishers of the neighbourhood. Amongst other things, he invented a new bait-basket whereby his minnows were kept at a proper temperature. If it had not been for this pastime of fishing, indeed, his better genius might never have been called forth. It was during a temporary sojourn in the pleasant dale of Dent, in the Craven district of Yorkshire, where he had gone in search of trout, that the Newcastle solicitor chanced upon a discovery which changed him from an inventive trifler to a practical worker out of scientific problems. This was in the summer of 1836. While plying his line near to a rustic mill, his attention was attracted to the water-wheel, fed by a rill above, which descended from a great height. He observed that twenty feet only, of several hundred feet descent, was utilized; the rest being unproductive. The possibility of using the stream as a motive power now took firm possession of his mind. Of all the thousands who had seen that stream before, not one had noticed in it the thing which to William Armstrong was a revelation and a discovery. The idea came upon him like a flash of light, as all great discoveries do. The realization may be a question of time and labour, but the idea-germ is the fruit of an instant. Galileo saw the measure of time in the swinging of the church lamp; Newton discovered the law of gravitation by the falling of an apple; Heilman discerned the principle of the combing-machine while watching his wife combing out her hair.

When Mr. Armstrong returned to Newcastle from his fishing expedition in Dent Dale, he must have felt a strong dislike to those familiar personifications of the legal fiction of those days, Messrs. John Doe and Richard Roe, against which imaginary

personages the whole of the legal talent of the country was supposed to be engaged in deadly battle. John Doe and Richard Roe, however, where destined to be his companions for many a long day yet, though they were never more to be his affectionate bosom friends. Loyalty to his partners attached him to his business, but away from that, his leisure moments were dedicated to the study of constructive mechanics, and, in particular, to the working out of the new idea in hydraulics which had been suggested to him by the Yorkshire waterfall. He was convinced that if the stream were conveyed from its summit in a pipe, and caused to act by pressure at the base, the whole fall, instead of a fractional part of it, would become utilized as a motive power, and he set himself to the full solving of the problem by commencing a series of experiments at Watson's High Bridge Works, which were continued month after month, and year after year, with undeviating persistence. Mr. Armstrong spent much time at Watson's foundry, superintending the elaboration of his own models; and the assistance he received from young Mr. Watson, now the senior partner in the firm, and from the Hutchinsons, father and son, then engaged at the High Bridge Works, was of great value to him. The spirit of enthusiasm was strong in all of them, and they had faith in the ultimate success of the scheme which they were so zealously endeavouring to bring to perfection. An automatic hydraulic wheel, acted upon by discs made to enter a curved tube at the radius of the wheel edge, was the first result of the lawyer-inventor's experiments, and this initial attempt to convert a column of water into a motive power was practically tested at the Skinners' Burn, adjoining the brewery of Alderman Potter. The inventor's expectations were not altogether realized on this occasion, but a valuable lesson was taught by the experiment, and the science of hydrostatics was sensibly advanced by it.

About this time another discovery diverted Mr. Armstrong's attention for a while from the study of hydraulics, and took the lawyer a step further away from his profession. At the Cramlington Colliery a curious phenomenon had been observed in connection with the working of the engine belonging to the pit. Something "uncanny like" was noticed at the engine boiler by the workmen. When they came to regulate the safety valve while steam was blowing off, fire was seen to come out at their finger-ends, they said. What could it be? It was a mystery that scientific men throughout the country interested themselves in, and the more they investigated, the more were they puzzled. By-and-by, it was discovered that the "uncanny" phenomenon had some connection with electricity. The boiler was found to be insulated upon a dry seating, and the friction produced by the escape of particles of water, blowing away with high pressure steam, produced electricity, and a nervous shock was experienced

when the hand was held in proximity to the escaping steam. Mr. Armstrong saw the electric manifestation, and although many men of eminence in the scientific world made it the subject of investigation, and experiments bearing upon the generation of electricity by high-pressure steam were started in all directions, none of them made the headway that the Newcastle solicitor did in bringing the matter to a practical result. He detected the laws which regulated the phenomenon, and, with consummate tact and skill, reduced them to subjection by the means of a machine which came to be known as the "Hydro-electric" machine, and attracted great attention both in this country and on the Continent. The machine was made, from the inventor's models, at the works of Messrs. Watson and Lambert, and specimens were supplied to Professor Faraday and to the leading scientific institutions of Europe and America. Mr. Armstrong was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and from that time forward was recognized as one of the leaders of the world of science. In 1844 he delivered three lectures at the Newcastle Mechanics' Institute, in which he explained the theory of hydro-electricity in detail, the lectures being illustrated by elaborate apparatus, and the connection between electricity and steam being fully shown. At the meeting of the British Association the previous year, held at Cork, Mr. Armstrong had read a paper in which he had recapitulated all that had been done in the very interesting inquiry upon which he had been engaged.

After he had completed his hydro-electric machine, Mr. Armstrong once more resumed his favourite study of hydraulics, and continued to make experiments towards the perfecting of the mechanical contrivances upon which he had previously expended much study. As yet his inventions had not resulted in financial gain so him; but, undaunted by this, he stuck to his hobby, never for a moment doubting the ultimate success of his labours. So matters stood in 1845, when a circumstance occurred which materially helped his scientific progress. This time he had to acknowledge his indebtedness to his legal connection for an important step upwards in his career of invention. The firm of Donkin, Stable, and Armstrong were appointed solicitors to a company that had been organized with the object of procuring a supply of water from Whittle Dene for the towns of Newcastle and Gateshead. The sanction of Parliament was obtained to the scheme, but not until a formidable opposition had been argued out of court. It was found when the construction of the works was commenced, that the company's junior solicitor was able to advise them on many more important matters than their legal duties and liabilities. His knowledge of hydraulics was placed at their service, and, fortunately for him and them, and the world generally, they showed a disposition to avail themselves of it to the fullest extent. A suitable opportunity at last presented itself

of applying to practical purposes the idea which the little Yorkshire streamlet had years before first implanted in his mind. He had some time before exhibited to the Newcastle Literary and Philosophical Society the model of an hydraulic crane, which had attracted some attention, and he now had a crane constructed from this model and erected at Quayside, the pressure in the water-pipes of the Whittle Dene Company being employed as the motive power. The experiment was completely successful, the crane being used with astonishing effect in the loading and unloading of ships. News of the invention spread through the country; leading engineers from all parts came to see the crane in operation, and the result was that before long orders were received thick and fast for the new hydraulic machine.

Mr. Armstrong now confessed to himself that he had reached the turning point of his life, and that it was as an inventor, not as a lawyer, that he would have to finish his career. He was in his thirty-seventh year, and full of health, hope, and energy. Why should he any longer continue harnessed to a profession for which he had ceased to feel liking or sympathy? Mr. Rendel, the eminent engineer, became his firm friend at this period, and strongly advised him to adopt the career for which nature had intended him—that of a mechanical engineer. Mr. Armstrong was elected a member of the Institute of Engineers when the success of his hydraulic crane was established, and all things tended towards the favouring of the wishes of his heart—the abandonment of the humdrum of the law for the more congenial pursuits of mechanical science. He made the leap, and in no very long time found that he was on the road to fortune.

In 1847 an engineering partnership was formed, with Mr. Armstrong at its head, and works were started on a small scale at Elswick, for the manufacture of hydraulic cranes. Mr. Armstrong's old friend and partner, Mr. Donkin, was associated with him in the venture, as were also Mr. Potter, Mr. Richard Lambert, and Mr. Cruddas. For two or three years the new firm had a hard struggle, but little by little they succeeded in establishing themselves on a firm footing, and thenceforward they experienced a steady increase of prosperity.

The new crane met with strong opposition on the part of some who afterwards profited largely by its adoption. Mr. Jesse Hartley, of Liverpool, for a long time declined to acknowledge the merits of Mr. Armstrong's invention, and as he was a man of weight and influence in the engineering world, his obstinacy had an injurious effect. How he was eventually brought to change his opinion has been related by the inventor himself, who says:—"Amongst others, the late Sir William Cubitt (then Mr. Cubitt) took a very early interest in the machine, and wrote to Mr. Jesse Hartley, who was then the engineer of the Liverpool Docks, urging him to go and see it; but that somewhat eccentric gentleman,

who was very averse to novelties, at first flatly refused to do so. A second letter from Sir William Cubitt put the matter in such a light that Mr. Hartley could not persist in his refusal, without incurring the imputation of shutting his eyes to improvements; so without giving any notice of his intention, he went to Newcastle alone to see the crane. It was not at work when he arrived, but the man in charge was there, and Mr. Hartley entered into a bantering conversation with him. This man, who went by the name of 'Hydraulic Jack,' had acquired great dexterity in the management of the machine, and being put upon his 'mettle,' by Mr. Hartley's incredulous observations, he proceeded to show its action by a daring treatment of a hogshead of sugar. He began by running it up with great velocity to the head of the jib, and then letting it as rapidly descend, but by gradually reducing its speed as it neared the ground, he stopped it softly before it quite touched the pavement. He next swung it round to the opposite side of the circle, continuing to lift and lower it with great rapidity while the jib was in motion, and, in short, he exhibited the machine to such advantage that Mr. Hartley's prejudices were vanquished. Mr. Hartley, who will be remembered as a man whose odd ways were combined with a frank and generous disposition, displayed no feeling of discomfiture, but at once called upon the author, whom he laconically addressed in the following words:—'I am Jesse Hartley, of Liverpool, and I have seen your crane. It is the very thing that I want, and I shall recommend its adoption at the Albert Dock.' With scarcely another word he bade adieu, and returned to Liverpool. This anecdote marks an epoch in the history of hydraulic cranes, which then passed from the stage of experiment to that of assured adoption."

All apprehension of failure was soon removed from the mind of the inventor. The hydraulic crane was supplied to the Liverpool Docks, and was gradually introduced into all the great ports of the world. But, as time went on, the principle of the hydraulic crane was greatly extended by Mr. Armstrong. As first applied, a natural head, gained by altitude, was necessary, to put the hydraulic machine in motion, so that power could only be employed in positions situated below the point where water was accumulated. To obviate this, the inventor substituted an artificial head, or accumulator, for the natural head obtained by altitude, and so rendered the new motive power available in all situations. A natural supply of water from a height has sometimes furnished the power, at others a river-wheel has been made to produce the required pressure; but the most general practice has been to employ a steam engine to pump water under a great pressure into an accumulator. From this accumulator the water has been conveyed by pipes often to great distances, and distributed wherever wanted. Thus, the length of pressure pipe in

many of our large commercial docks amounts to several miles, and, wonderful as it may seem, hundreds of hydraulic machines are connected with it, all supplied by a single steam-engine, which, pumping water into the accumulator, suffers no disturbance from the fitful manner in which the water is drawn off from the pipes. This principle has been applied to a remarkable variety of purposes, and, as Sir William Armstrong has shown in his introductory essay on hydraulics, written for the Inventions Exhibition, is now utilized for "the working of lock-gates, sluices, capstans, movable bridges, and other machinery used in dock operations, and to the loading and discharging of ships at coal ports, as well as to various purposes connected with railway stations." The inventions of recent years in this department of mechanical science are chiefly a development of the principle which Sir William Armstrong learned from the little mountain streamlet. Hydraulic pressure machinery is now largely applied to various workshop operations, including forging by hydraulic pressure instead of hammers. Hydraulic machinery is used for the purpose of controlling the recoil, and effecting the various movements involved in the working of ordnance, especially where the weight and magnitude of the guns and their fittings are too great for the employment of manual labour. One of the latest developments of the utilization of power transmitted by water is instanced in connection with the construction of the Alexandra Docks now in progress at Hull. There, we are told by the originator of hydraulic machinery, "hydraulic power is ultimately to be applied for the usual purposes in mercantile docks; the steam-power and accumulators have been erected as a first step in the construction of the docks, in order that the power might be applied to the excavation of the dock, the driving of piles, and the lifting of materials for the building and backing of the walls. Many of the machines used for this purpose are the ordinary cranes, jiggers, and capstans, which will be used on the completion of the dock for the usual trade purposes, while others have been specially designed for the operation of construction." In all this development of hydraulic power the firm at Elswick have, as might be expected, taken a chief part, and, notwithstanding the many later inventions of a different character with which the name of the founder has been associated, the construction of hydraulic machinery still remains a principal feature of their vast establishment.

We must now return to the early years of Sir William Armstrong's experience as the managing partner of the engineering works at Elswick. For a few years the firm had no thought of extending their operations beyond the making of hydraulic machinery, and, the demand for their cranes being large, they were kept successfully employed in this new branch of business. So things continued, until an incident in the Crimean war directed

the mind of Mr. Armstrong to the "murderous business of war." The battle of Inkermann was fought on the 5th of November, 1854. After the British troops had stood for some hours the brunt of the Russian attack, the French came to their assistance; but the battle was turned against the Russians chiefly by the fire of a couple of 18-pounder guns, which, at a late hour, and by great exertion, were brought to play upon the Russian ranks. Victory on our side was said to be owing to the superior range of these two guns. When Mr. Armstrong heard of the difficulty which had been experienced in bringing these heavy guns into action, he began to calculate whether equal range might not be attained with lighter ordnance. The plan of rifling small arms had been eminently successful. Why should it not be equally so in cannon? Besides, if wrought instead of cast iron were employed in the manufacture of ordnance, a great saving of weight would be effected. We are told by a writer in the *Newcastle Chronicle*, who made special reference to this particular period of our inventor's career, in an article published on the occasion of the visit of the British Association to Newcastle in 1863, that Mr. Armstrong at once set about preparing the design of a light wrought iron gun; and then, with the help of his friend, Mr. Rendel, he obtained access to the Minister of War, then the Duke of Newcastle, and submitted to him his views. He proposed the enlargement of the rifle musket to the standard of a field-gun, and the substitution of elongated projectiles of lead instead of balls of cast-iron. The minister authorized him to proceed with the construction of one gun. The gun was commenced in December, 1854, and finished in the following April, though it was not submitted to the Government until the beginning of 1856. The reason for this delay was the inventor's great anxiety to make the gun as perfect as possible. A series of experiments, extending not only over the year previous to the submission of the gun to the authorities, during which the Government and the public alike were ignorant of what was going on, but over two years beyond that, was conducted with great patience and perseverance by the ingenious inventor. These experiments, on which so much depended, were carried on in wild and lonely places, and at untimely hours. Sometimes the guns were carried to the moors at Allenheads, 2,000 feet above the level of the sea, where Mr. Armstrong fired away at all hours of the day and night, in all weathers and seasons, much to the alarm of the inhabitants of the quiet country districts, who often imagined that the French had effected an invasion, and were marching through the wilds of Durham intent upon taking Newcastle. In the summer, however, the guns were carried to the coast, and were there experimented on between three and six in the morning. Early in 1856, the inventor, to some extent satisfied with his labours, submitted the gun to the War Office. It was a little 3-pounder, the produc-

tion of which had cost a thousand pounds and three years of constant effort. At first, the authorities did not regard the new gun with much favour, but called it a "pop-gun." The inventor then bored the gun for a 5-pound projectile, and submitted it again to the Government, who this time agreed to adopt it. It was experimented upon, with the result that Mr. Armstrong was entrusted with the order to make an 18-pounder on the same principle. When that was completed it was submitted to a course of searching and incessant trial by the Rifle Cannon Committee appointed by Parliament in 1857. In the report of the Committee, issued in 1858, the following reference was made to the new gun:—"Mr. Armstrong proposed a method of constructing a gun which rendered it capable of enduring the strain to which rifle ordnance is submitted. This method was certainly at that time the only one capable of fulfilling that condition; and your Committee have had no practical evidence before them that even at this moment any other method of constructing rifled ordnance exists which can be compared with that of Mr. Armstrong. In combination with his system of constructing or manufacturing a gun, Mr. Armstrong had introduced to the notice of the Government a plan of breech-loading, the gun being rifled on the old polygroove system, which involved the coating of the projectile with soft metal. The combination of construction, breech-loading, rifling, and coating the projectiles with soft metal, came to be termed the Armstrong system. The range and precision of the gun were so vastly superior to all field ordnance known at the time, that, after careful and repeated trials, the Committee appointed to investigate the question, recommend its adoption as the field-gun of the service."

General Peel, speaking of the capabilities of the Armstrong gun in the House of Commons, said that "its accuracy at three thousand yards was as seven to one compared with that of the common gun at one thousand; whilst at one thousand yards it would hit an object every time which was struck by the common gun only once in fifty-seven times; so that at equal distances the Armstrong gun was *fifty-seven* times as accurate as our ordinary artillery." It was said by an Edinburgh reviewer that "the Armstrong gun could hit a target two feet six inches in diameter, while the (old) service gun could not be relied upon to hit a haystack."

The Armstrong gun and its inventor became the sensation of the day; their fame extended to all the ends of the world; and the English Government were prepared to give Mr. Armstrong the due reward of his energy and genius. It was for him to name his terms. With a patriotism, however, which will always be remembered to his credit, and a generosity the most unbounded, he declined to accept any pecuniary recompense for his labours, and assigned to the Government all his interest in his invention. He

made a free gift of it to the nation. But the Government could not afford to allow him to retire to Elswick to resume his former labours; his superintendence was necessary in the manufacture of the guns he had invented, so he was offered and accepted the position of Engineer of Rifled Ordnance at a salary of £2,000 a year, had the dignity of knighthood conferred upon him, and was made a Companion of the Bath. It was the wish of the Government that the manufacture of the new guns should be proceeded with without delay, and that the utmost secrecy should be observed in regard to their construction. It was found that at the arsenal at Woolwich they were not prepared to take up the new gun, their machinery not being of a suitable character for its construction. A contract was entered into, therefore, by the Government with Sir William Armstrong's firm at Elswick, by which it was provided that the company should find the works and plant at its own expense for the sole use of the Government, and that the Government should employ the plant, or, in default, pay such compensation as should, in case of difference, be fixed by the Attorney-General. The contract was kept in force until the month of April, 1863, when it was terminated, and a sum of £65,000 was paid to the company as compensation. Up to the same period, or nearly, Sir William retained the office of Engineer of Rifled Ordnance, as well as that of superintendent of the Royal Gun Factory for Rifled Ordnance, which latter post he had held from November, 1859.

Sir William Armstrong has been styled the pioneer in the new science of gunnery, and in making his invention a free gift to the country he set an example which will always be remembered to his honour. Referring to this noble act, General Peel, as Minister of War, said in the House of Commons: "Great as had been the ingenuity and talent displayed by Sir William Armstrong in regard to this invention, they were exceeded by the liberality with which he at once presented to the Government the patent, for which they must have paid almost any sum of money which he liked to demand. He (General Peel) was convinced that the House would be of opinion that nothing could be more liberal than the manner in which Sir William Armstrong had dealt with the Government, and would think that he well deserved the honour which, by her own special and personal desire, had been conferred upon him by Her Majesty."

From that time to the present the Ordnance works at Elswick, which now in themselves occupy about forty acres, and employ close upon 3,500 men, divided into day hands and night hands, have formed a chief part of the Elswick establishment, which has grown year by year in all departments until now it constitutes one of the largest, if not the largest, engineering concern in the world. Herr Krupp's famous works at Essen are perhaps the only works that can be compared in importance with those on the

shores of the Tyne. Since 1857, the Ordnance department at Elswick has been engaged almost continuously, day and night, in the production of guns and projectiles with ever-increasing power. Up to 1863, Sir William Armstrong was the conscientious, zealous servant of the Government; since then his firm may be almost considered to have been the Government's rivals in the construction of cannon. Ordnance of such gigantic calibre that the ships which scattered the Spanish Armada three centuries ago would scarce contain them, have been made at Elswick, and the struggle for supremacy between the builders of ships and the builders of guns—the one striving to construct impenetrable vessels and the other irresistible artillery—still continues, the Elswick company in more recent years having been amongst the foremost workers in both departments. In a recent lecture delivered by Captain Noble, upon whom the active direction of the Ordnance department at Elswick has latterly devolved, it was stated that "twenty-five years ago our most powerful piece of artillery was a 68-pounder, throwing its projectile with a velocity of 1,570 feet per second; now the weight of our guns is increased from five tons to 100, the projectile from 68lbs. to 2,400lbs., the velocity from 1,600 feet to 2,200 feet, the energies from 1,100 foot-tons to over 56,000 foot-tons." At the present time the Elswick Company are engaged in the construction of three 110-ton guns, each of which will be in one piece, although forty-two feet in length and having a diameter of twenty-four inches. Each gun will weigh, with its carriage and mountings, 300 tons. It will hold a powder charge of 900lbs. and carry a shell weighing 2,000lbs. with a velocity of 2,000 feet per second, the stored-up energy being equal to 56,500 foot-tons. The Elswick Company have never rested in their efforts; the supremacy which the first Armstrong gun gave them has been all along maintained, and to-day their position as producers of guns and ships of war is unquestionably the first in England, if not in Europe. Other inventors besides Sir William Armstrong have won fame and success in connection with guns on improved principles, and the "battle of the guns" has been fought over and over again in print, but it is not too much to say, that while Sir William Armstrong has never been reluctant to acknowledge the merits of the inventions of others in the science of gunnery, he has at the same time kept his own firm's operations abreast with the movement of the age, the best testimony to which is the unequalled success which has attended the Company's enterprise.

Returning once more to the record of Sir William Armstrong's personal career, mention should be made of his having, in the year 1863, filled the office of president of the British Association when that body met at Newcastle. It was about this time that the subject of our coal supply began to attract attention, and he dealt with the matter with so much ability in his presidential

address, showing its great importance to the national welfare, that, shortly afterwards, a Coal Commission was appointed, which resulted in a mass of valuable evidence being obtained as to our coal prospects. He predicted—his prediction being based on elaborate calculations, all of which were duly set forth—that about two hundred years would suffice to exhaust the principal seams of coal in this country. "It is clear," he said, "that long before complete exhaustion takes place, England will have ceased to be a coal-producing country on an extensive scale. Other nations, and especially the United States of America, which possess coal-fields thirty-seven times more extensive than ours, will then be working more accessible beds at a smaller cost, and will be able to displace the English coal from every market. The question is, not how long our coal will endure before absolute exhaustion is effected, but how long will those particular coal-seams last which yield coal of a quality and at a price to enable this country to maintain her present supremacy in manufacturing industry." He went on to say that if the production should continue to increase, as it was then doing, the duration of the chief English coal-seams would not reach half the period named. This was regarded by many as the view of an alarmist, and it was said that before coal was exhausted some other motive agent would be discovered to take its place, electricity being generally cited as the coming power. With the knowledge now of what has taken place in this direction during the twenty-two years that have elapsed since Sir William Armstrong delivered his address, it will be interesting to refer to what Sir William said on that subject as an indication of the correctness of his judgment in scientific matters. "Electricity, like heat," he said, "may be converted into motion, and both theory and practice have demonstrated that its mechanical application does not involve so much waste of power as takes place in a steam-engine; but whether we use heat or electricity as a motive power, we must equally depend upon chemical affinity as the source of supply. The act of uniting to form a chemical product liberates an energy which assumes the form of heat or electricity, from either of which states it is convertible into mechanical effect. In contemplating, therefore, the application of electricity as a motive power, we must bear in mind that we shall still require to effect chemical combinations, and in so doing to consume materials. But where are we to find materials so economical for this purpose as the coal we derive from the earth and the oxygen we obtain from the air? The latter costs absolutely nothing; and every pound of coal, which in the act of combustion enters into chemical combination, renders more than two and a half pounds of oxygen available for power. We cannot look to water as a practical source of oxygen, for there it exists in the combined state, requiring expenditure of chemical energy for its separation from hydrogen. It is in the at-

mosphere alone that it can be found in that free state in which we require it, and there does not appear to me to be the remotest chance, in an economic point of view, of being able to dispense with the oxygen of the air as a source either of thermo-dynamic or electro-dynamic effect. But to use this oxygen we must consume some oxidizable substance, and coal is the cheapest we can procure." Much as electricity has been advanced towards the point of practicability, it is yet, as it was when Sir William Armstrong delivered his memorable address to the members of the British Association, the question of economy which presents the greatest drawback to its adoption as a motive agent. Sir William's concluding words on that occasion might stand as a permanent picture of the attitude of the scientific mind towards the ever-widening field of mental investigation: "The tendency of progress is to quicken progress," he said, "because every acquisition in science is so much vantage ground for fresh attainment. We may expect, therefore, to increase our speed as we struggle forward; but however high we climb in the pursuit of knowledge, we shall still see heights above us, and the more we extend our view, the more conscious we shall be of the immensity which lies beyond."

Sir William Armstrong was a member of the Coal Commission which sat in 1866, and also one of the most valuable witnesses. In 1859 a public dinner was given to Sir William, in the Newcastle Town Hall, the late Mr. Robert Stephenson and Sir George Grey being amongst the speakers on that occasion. This was one of the last public demonstrations which Robert Stephenson attended. In the autumn of the same year he was laid to rest by the side of Telford, in Westminster Abbey. A handsome tribute of esteem was paid to Sir William Armstrong by his workmen when he was knighted. They presented him with an address in which they expressed themselves "proud and highly honoured" in being connected with the establishment of which he was the head. "We," they said, "who have occasionally been permitted to witness your indomitable perseverance in pursuing your experiments, under the most perplexing circumstances, with the most extraordinary zeal and energy, and have observed how frequently your disappointments and failures have been made the key to the successful attainment of your purposes, have become involuntarily interested in your most triumphant success, and do most sincerely rejoice."

In proportion as fortune showered its gifts upon Sir William, he shared his prosperity in wise munificence with those with whom he had been associated in the years of his struggle, and gave freely of his means to his native town. The new Museum at Newcastle, erected and furnished at a cost of over £40,000, owes its existence to the liberality of some half dozen people, amongst whom were Sir William and Lady Armstrong, the former giving

£10,000 and the latter £2,500 to the building fund. The other leading contributors were the late Colonel Joicey, who gave £12,000; the late Mr. Edward Joicey, £4,000; and the late Mr. W. C. Hewitson, £3,000. In 1878 a communication was received by the Newcastle Town Council from Sir William Armstrong, intimating his intention of making a gift to the town of twenty-six acres of land, forming part of his estate at Jesmond, for the purpose of a park. His estate adjoined the Heaton Park, which consisted of 22 acres, so that a public recreation ground of forty-eight acres was by this act made available for the people of Newcastle. The Corporation decided to call the park the Armstrong Park, and at once set about the laying out of the grounds. Since then, Sir William has made a still more valuable gift to the city of his birth by the donation of fifty-four acres of land on his High Jesmond estate, making the total area of the park 104 acres. It is situated on the north-eastern slopes of the narrow valley through which runs the Ouse Burn, and forms a narrow belt of land two miles in extent, but so richly is it wooded, and so thoroughly hidden are its boundaries, that its want of width is not noticeable. Jesmond Dene presents a succession of extremely lovely views, its natural configuration being very romantic, and the artificial aids to beauty which Sir William's loving care has placed there being of the most effective description. This lovely dell had long been amongst Sir William's most treasured possessions, and for many years the people of Newcastle had been privileged to visit it on payment of a nominal yearly sum, which was handed over to the funds of the Infirmary; but in 1883 the owner of this charming property resolved to make the Dene over to the public entirely, and it thus became a further section of Armstrong Park. The donor stipulates that the natural features of the valley shall be retained as far as possible, and that he and Lady Armstrong shall continue to control it as long as either of them shall live. There are several wells in the Dene, one of which is called King John's Well, local tradition connecting the name of this monarch with the vicinity, he having for some time inhabited a castle thereabouts, it is said. Many beautiful walks, avenues, bridges, cascades, grottos and dingles are to be met with, and there is a fine banqueting hall, as well as a picturesque old mill, with waterfall, which Northern artists frequently transfer to canvas. A massive and substantial high-level bridge, which makes the access to Armstrong Park easy from the town, was erected by Sir William himself at a cost of over £20,000. In August, 1884, the Jesmond Dene portion of the Armstrong Park was publicly opened by the Prince and Princess of Wales, in the presence of a vast concourse of people, their Royal Highnesses being the guests of Sir William Armstrong during their stay in Newcastle, and paying a visit to the famous works at Elswick. Cragside, the residence of the celebrated engineer, is, like Abbotsford, "a romance in stone and

mortar." It is about a mile east of Rothbury, and stands on the banks of a rivulet called Debdon Burn. It was erected some quarter of a century ago, from the designs of Mr. Norman Shaw, R.A., and is a striking example of the Elizabethan style of architecture adapted to modern requirements. Its quaint gables, high-pitched, red-tiled roofs, floriated and twisted chimney stacks of great height, lattice windows, and lofty tower, constitute a picture of great beauty. The interior is fitted up in the most perfect manner, evidences of wealth and taste being displayed on every hand. Over the richly-carved mantel-piece of the dining-room there is the motto, "East or west, hame's best," a sentiment to which the tenant of Cragside has, through all change of fortune, manfully clung. The mansion is lighted by electricity, the producing power being a neighbouring brook. "The brook in fact lights the house," says Sir William, "there being no consumption of any material in the process." In connection with the water supply to the estate, the originator of hydraulic machinery has, as might be expected, turned it to good purpose in a variety of ways, for not only does it work a turbine for a dynamo-electric machine, but it affords motive power for numberless kitchen, farm and garden operations about the house and the estate.

Sir William Armstrong's public benefactions are too numerous to be particularized. It may be mentioned, however, that he gave £1,450 for the erection of a new lecture-room for the Newcastle Literary and Philosophical Society, of which body he was president in 1860, in succession to Robert Stephenson; and in aid of the fund for St. Nicholas' Church, now the Cathedral, he contributed largely, one of his gifts being £500 towards finishing the external case of the organ, while he gave two donations of £500 each to the general fund, making £1,500 in all towards the cathedral.

In 1872 Sir William and Lady Armstrong visited Egypt, and on their return Sir William gave four lectures to the Newcastle Literary and Philosophical Society descriptive of their visit. These lectures were afterwards republished in an attractive form, maps, plans and illustrations, and made a very interesting and valuable record of travel.

A portrait of Sir William, the cost of which was borne by public subscription, was presented to the Newcastle Corporation, in October, 1884, and will remain to future generations of Newcastle worthies, whose connection with the Town Hall will bring them within frequent sight of it, a fitting memorial of a noble intellect and a generous heart. Still greater recognition will follow.

Besides having filled the office of President of the British Association, Sir William Armstrong has occupied the post of president of the Institute of Mechanical Engineers, and of the Institute of Civil Engineers, at the annual meetings of which societies he has delivered important addresses. Both the University of Cambridge and that of Oxford have conferred upon him the

honorary distinction of LL.D., while from abroad honours have been showered upon him in great numbers. The dignity of the Order of Francis Joseph has been granted to him by the Emperor of Austria; Denmark has made him a Knight Commander of the Order of Dannebrog; from Brazil he has received the Order of the Rose; and the Government of Italy has nominated him a Grand Officer of the Order of SS. Maurizio-l-Lazaro.

Thorough in all things, of a large and generous heart, and prompted always by the noblest aims, Sir William Armstrong has in serving himself served his county and his country well. Perhaps the happiest tribute to his character and abllity, of the many that have been paid to him during the last thirty years, was that which Mr. Joseph Cowen, M.P. uttered on the occasion of the banquet to the Prince of Wales in 1884. "No name can be more appositely associated with Northern industry and public spirit," said Mr. Cowen, "than that of the founder and master-mind of Elswick, who has cast his thoughts into iron, invested them with all the romance of mechanical art, and achieved wealth almost beyond the dreams of avarice. But he does not live for himself alone. He is happy when others can share in his bounty. Self-prompted, self-sustained, and, as regards his present profession, self-taught, he has worked his way through a thousand obstacles, and become one of the ornaments of his country, when his country is one of the ornaments of the world. He has interwoven the history of his life with the history of his native place, and has made one of the foundations of its fame the monument of his virtues. He has shown how the lofty aims of science and the eager demands of business can be assimilated, how the graces of social task and embellishment need not be sullied by vulgar prodigality. A man who has won renown in wider scenes feels, when his spirit wearies and his strength fails, that there is no admiration so acceptable, no applause so sweet as that which springs from those who have followed his career, sympathized with his struggles, and exulted in his triumphs. At such times and in such circumstances his heart warms to his own people and their hearts warm to him. There is this laudable reciprocity of sentiment between the citizens of Newcastle and Sir William Armstrong."

The only surviving member of the Elswick firm as originally composed is Sir William himself. In 1882 the works of Messrs. Charles Mitchell & Co., of Low Water, the eminent shipbuilders who had been associated with Sir William in the construction of the various ships of war which the latter had up to that time projected, were amalgamated with the Elswick works, a limited liability company being formed with a capital of £2,000,000. Of this company Sir William Armstrong is the chairman, and the other members of the first directorate consisted of the following gentlemen:—Mr. W. D. Cruddas, Sir James McGarel Hogg, bart. K.C.B., M.P., Mr. Charles Mitchell, Captain Noble, late R.A.,

C.B., F.R.S., Mr. Hamilton Owen Rendel, Mr. Stuart Rendel, M.P., Mr. C. W. Siemens, D.C.L., F.R.S., Lord Sudeley, Mr. H. F. Swan, Lord Thurlow, Mr. Percy G. B. Westmacott, and Lieut.-General Younghusband. The company was formed "to take over the businesses and properties of the united concerns of Sir W. G. Armstrong & Co. and Messrs. C. Mitchell & Co., and to carry on those businesses, with the addition of the manufacture of steel, and with such other additions and modifications as might be found expedient." In the prospectus it was stated that the business of the Elswick firm was that of mechanical engineers, with reference, more especially, to that system of hydraulic machinery, which originated with Sir William Armstrong, and to the manufacture of ordnance, with the development of which, as well as of the hydraulic system, the firm had been so largely concerned. The business also comprehended iron founding and smelting. It was also stated that of late years it had been the practice of the Elswick firm to design and contract for the supply of war ships, all of which had been built for them by Messrs. C. Mitchell & Co. This had led to the union of the two concerns, and it was then intended to develop that branch of the ship-building business which had reference to the construction of vessels of war, but without encroaching upon the building of ships for the mercantile marine and for passenger traffic. The growing demand for steel in gun-making and ship-building, as well as for numerous other purposes, had made apparent the expediency of adding steel-making to the other operations of the two firms, and that addition had been determined upon. The purchase price to be paid by the company was £1,575,000, of which the vendors took £1,185,000 in fully paid ordinary shares of £100 each, and £390,000 in cash. The combined amount of the valuations of the land, buildings, machinery, and fixed and loose plant was £878,558, to which had to be added £696,442 for stocks of materials, work in progress, floating capital, and the goodwill, which was taken at three years' profits on an average of the previous five years. Having regard to the well-known character of the businesses, the continuance in them of those who had been so intimately concerned in their management, and the large interest retained by the vendors, the prospectus was confined to a simple statement of facts; but, as bearing upon the future prospects of the company, it was pointed out that a new era in artillery was marked by the recent adaptation of guns for enormously increased charges of powder, an adaptation which was initiated by the Elswick Company in the year 1877. The superiority of modern guns was so great that, it was thought, extensive re-armaments might be anticipated both in this and other countries. And, as also bearing upon the company's future, it was added that great and increasing as was the demand for steel for ship-building purposes, it was especially in relation to gun-making that steel works were required. The un-

certainties and imperfections of steel had theretofore impeded its general adoption for artillery purposes, but recent improvements in its manufacture had removed all obstacles, and in recent guns of the largest size, steel in special forms had been much more extensively applied than previously, while, in some of the later designs for heavy guns, to be supplied by the Elswick Company, the use of wrought iron had been wholly discontinued. At the present time the engineering works at Elswick are under the active control, under Sir William Armstrong, of Mr. Percy Westmacott, who for thirty-four years has been at the head of this department. Mr. Westmacott is a past president of the Institute of Mechanical Engineers, and has had great practical experience in the carrying out of large engineering contracts. Mr. Hamilton Rendel is associated with Mr. Westmacott in the management of this branch of the business. The Ordnance Department has for the last twenty years been under the control of Captain Noble, who, before joining the firm in 1860, was secretary of a Special Commission on Ordnance, and has since gained great prominence by his experimental researches, in conjunction with Sir Frederick Abel, into the composition and properties of gunpowder and other explosives. Other posts of management in this important division of the works are filled by Major Jones and Mr. W. J. Hoyle. The former was at one time connected with the Royal Artillery, and was gunnery instructor at Woolwich, being subsequently attached to the Experimental Department. Major Jones takes upon himself the duty of superintending the construction of the guns and testing them at the company's ranges. Mr. Hoyle is the general manager of the Ordnance Department, and has been fifteen years in the service of Sir William G. Armstrong & Co. The shipbuilding yards are under the direction of Mr. W. H. White, who has had a long and varied experience in the construction of vessels of war; and the new steel works are controlled by Colonel Dyer, who was at one time assistant superintendent at the Government Small-Arms Factory at Enfield, and, more recently, served a seven years' engagement at Whitworth's works.

It would be impossible in the space at our command to give anything like a detailed description of the immense works which Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell & Co. carry on on the banks of the Tyne. Still, the enterprise is of such an important nature that we cannot do less than attempt to give some notion of its leading features.

The river frontage of the Elswick works is over a mile in length, the various fitting, erecting, and finishing shops, foundries, forges, blast furnaces, machine sheds, and ship-building yards extending in an unbroken line the whole distance. On the opposite side of the works runs the Newcastle and Carlisle Railway, forming a border of rails for the entire length of the works, with sidings innumerable, and affording the fullest facilities for receiv-

ing and despatching material and finished objects. A complete network of rails traverses the works from end to end, and by means of small tank locomotives, or hydraulic capstans, heavy machinery and guns in course of construction can be transported from one part of the works to another with as much ease as one might move the pieces upon a chessboard. Three jetties run out into the river, and at each of these the water-pressure system enables a single workman, by the aid of hydraulic cranes, to perform marvels in the way of lifting and moving. One of these jetties is used for transferring heavy ordnance to the holds of vessels, and upon this is erected the hydraulic shears capable of lifting guns of the heaviest calibre. The hydraulic shears on this jetty is said to be the largest in the world, and is capable of lifting a weight of 120 tons. A peculiar feature in it is the direct acting piston which takes the place of the ordinary chain. By this means perfect steadiness is secured, and greater safety is insured than with a chain, where one faulty weld would spoil all. At the east end of the works, adjoining Water Street, are the new steel works, with their melting furnaces, foundries and casting shops, re-heating furnaces, forging presses, and finishing shops, all now rapidly approaching completion. In close contiguity there is the Elswick shipyard, which covers sixteen acres, and has a frontage to the river of about 2,000 feet. A busier scene than is presented by this mile-long factory could not be found anywhere. From morn to night the clangour of hammers resounds, the puffing and panting of all kinds of steam-controlled contrivances can be heard, clouds of smoke and tongues of flame are bursting forth in all directions, locomotives are moving to and fro with heavy trucks harnessed to them, hydraulic cranes are lifting and lowering great pieces of ordnance, and ships of war are lying at rest in the yards, their massive iron sides looming like great walls upon the surface of the water. Thousands of workmen are toiling cheerfully amidst this stirring scene, and the whole picture is Titanic in its elements as well as in its proportions. Then, in connection with this gigantic undertaking, there has now to be taken into account the extensive ship-building yard at Low Walker, five miles nearer the sea than Elswick, where the work of constructing ships of war is prosecuted with unsurpassed facilities. This was the ship-building yard which, previous to the amalgamation of 1882, was carried on with so much success by Messrs. C. Mitchell & Co. for over a quarter of a century, and is now capable of turning out 30,000 tons of shipping per year. The yard at Low Walker covers fourteen acres, and presents a frontage to the river of 1,000 feet. In busy times the firm of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell & Co. employ not fewer than 10,000 workpeople.

It will be now our pleasing task to give some particulars of the different departments which constitute this extensive Tyneside concern. The Engineering works are entitled to be mentioned

first, by reason of their being the starting-point of the firm's operations. They were commenced in 1847, and occupied but a small space of ground, their locality being about the central portion of the existing range of buildings. From that time for some years the progress of the place was a history of the progress of the introduction of hydraulic machinery into common use in various branches of industry. As each succeeding year saw some improvement brought about in the method of applying the new power, so its area of usefulness extended, and the Elswick works grew in proportion. At the present time the Engineering works cover an area of about nine acres, and comprise a pattern shop, pattern stores, brass foundry, forge and boiler and smiths' shop, chain makers' shop, fitting and turning shop, erecting shop, painters' shop, joiners' shop, and bridge and girder yard. It is chiefly in the construction of hydraulic cranes that the workmen in this department are employed. Some of these cranes are very giants. One of 160 tons has been erected for Malta, for lifting heavy pieces of ordnance in and out of ships. It is 96 feet high, and has a rake of 70 feet, and its cylinders weigh 33 tons. The total weight of the crane, including ballast, is 700 tons. Hydraulic-power gates for docks and sluice machines are also a leading feature of the Engineering department, one of the latest contracts of the company being for the Bute Docks, at Cardiff, for the largest wrought-iron dock-gates in the country, 43 feet high, weighing 280 tons, and intended to close an entrance 80 feet wide. Hydraulic hoists, drawbridges, grain-lifting machinery, and marine engines are also amongst the things which this department undertakes, about 1,500 men, allotted to day and night "shifts" being employed in the engineering division, who have to superintend the operations of about 300 machines, while nineteen powerful machine cranes and a number of small auxiliary hand cranes are utilized in lifting and moving the work from place to place as may be required. All the best and most recent labour-saving appliances are in use, some of which are special inventions not to be found in use elsewhere.

The Ordnance Department was added to the works in 1857, and now forms the most important division of the Elswick establishment. To begin with, it was merely experimental, but as soon as Sir William Armstrong's gun was adopted by the Government in 1859, its expansion was exceedingly rapid. The Ordnance works now cover about forty acres, and close upon 3,500 men, working night and day "shifts," are kept employed there. The extent and variety of operations in this department may be gathered from the following list of shops, &c.:—Pattern shop, forge, foundry, smiths' shop, 35-ton steam hammer, producers of gas for the furnaces, coiling shop, shrinking pits, joiners' shop, three gun-turning and boring shops, one gun-finishing shop, two gun-carriage shops, fuze-factory, projectile shop, &c. A writer in the *Pall Mall*

Gazette, who recently visited this "supplementary arsenal," as he termed it, has described how a gun is made at Elswick. He says: "The interest of the visitor is centered upon an ingot destined to form the inner cylinder or barrel of a 12-in. 43-ton gun, whose fortunes we propose to follow, as they will illustrate all the processes through which a gun may be taken better than guns of greater size, as some of these come to hand forged hollow. As it lies longitudinally upon substantial supports, it is being rough-bored. The marks of the tool upon it show that it has come from the steel works rough turned." He then proceeds to describe in detail the various processes, and from his description we give a condensed account of the making of a gun. Before the boring machine was set to work upon it, we are told, a disc had been cut off each end, in order that its quality might be tested, testing pieces about four inches long being cut out of the discs. These pieces are submitted to a powerful machine, in which the ultimate breaking strain is ascertained by adding weight until a test piece breaks. In the case of the 110-ton gun, the minimum requirements of the Government are these: yielding strain, 11 to 15 tons to the square inch; amount of elongation, above 15 per cent. of the length tested; and breaking strain between 27 and 35 tons per square inch. These tests refer to the steel in its soft state, as it comes from the steel works. Similar tests follow upon the steel being hardened by heat and tempered by being plunged into oil. The minimum requirements for the last series of tests for a 110-ton gun are: yielding strain, 25 to 33 tons to the square inch; amount of elongation, above 10 per cent. of the length tested; and breaking strain, 38 to 48 tons per square inch. Returning to the 43-ton ingot, which is being rough-bored, we find that at this first "cut" 9½ inches are being taken by a circular cutter out of the centre of the cylinder, which has an outside diameter of about 21 inches. With the barrel 30 feet long, the rough boring occupies more than a week, the machine working day and night. Having been rough-bored the barrel is toughened by being heated and tempered by being dipped in a pit of oil, operations all managed by means of hydraulic cranes. Then comes the process called "fine-boring," which comprises three separate borings, and in the case of the 43-ton gun, the rough "cuts" in this stage take two to three weeks each. With the 110-ton gun, a "pass" or "cut" occupies from three to four weeks. In the final boring from 700th to 1-10th of an inch, according to the gun, is left to be taken out. If the bore becomes torn or damaged by the breaking of a tool or seizure of the boring head, a barrel which may now be worth between £2,000 and £3,000 is utterly spoiled. After being bored, the barrel, having been turned in the lathe on the outside, is ready to receive the outer coats of steel with which a gun is built up. A gun is now a succession of cylinders of steel shrunk over each other, and each cylinder

has to be treated in almost exactly the same fashion as the barrel or central tube. The 43-ton gun consists of five cylinders or layers, or four beyond the barrel. These cylinders run in thickness thus:—barrel, 4¾ in.; second course, 5 in.; third course, 3¼ in.; fourth course, 3½ in.; fifth course, 4¾ in. The gun is thickest over the powder chamber—about 19¼ in.—because it is the seat of the explosion. As all these cylinders, except the inmost one, are in short lengths, the 110-ton gun comprises no less than fourty-four pieces, apart from the breech-screw and the mechanism for closing it. The number of tests which this division of the gun into forty-four sections involves is 368, the barrel being credited with twelve tests for each end, while the other forty-three pieces have four tests taken from each end. The bore of the cylinders (apart from the original tube or barrel) is always made slightly less than the outside diameter of the cylinder which it has to cover. Expanded by the application of heat, the outside cylinder, or "jacket," is easily slipped over the inner tube, and as it gradually cools, the "jacket" grips with great power the inside cylinder. When the gun is thus being built up, it stands in a pit, where the cylinder "jacket" next to be placed upon it is brought by a hydraulic lift from one of a series of furnaces heated by gas (made in gas producers) and dropped over it. It then gradually cools, with a shield over it. We are told that "the grip of the cylinders upon each other grows in severity as the outside of the gun is reached, and the compression upon the original cylinder, of course, increases with each layer added. This fact discloses the application of an important principle in gun-making, at any rate as practised at Elswick. In a natural way, the great strain following upon the explosion of the charge of powder would fall heaviest upon the inner cylinder (or barrel) in which the explosion takes place; and the outer cylinders would only experience it in a diminishing degree—in a degree which diminished so rapidly as it approached the exterior part of the gun that it might almost be said to have disappeared by the time it reached the outside parts; for, as every one may see, there is a point under such circumstances where thickness ceases to add strength. This state of things is reversed at Elswick—the exterior parts prove the salvation of the gun. If the gun were made out of one piece of steel, the strain of the explosion would not travel far beyond the bore—the exterior parts would be so much useless metal; but by the subdivision of the gun into cylinders, each cylinder, having been put into a high state of tension by having been shrunk on, brings the full measure of its power to withstand strain to the support of the inner cylinder or bore, and the other parts of the gun—this, at each successive layer reinforces the accumulated resisting power of the whole mass." In this way every part of the gun is made to bear a uniform share of the work. The rifling of the gun is next proceeded with. The "cutter" is directed in its twisted

movements by a pinion and rack, which, in their turn, are acted upon by wheels rolling along a slightly curved track or framework of iron. The "cutter"—which only cuts in coming out—goes up each groove from eight to twelve times, according to the hardness of the metal, and as there are eighty grooves, in many instances it travels along the gun 800 times. "The greatest conceivable care has to be exercised in the rifling of these huge guns, as the slightest departure from the true course may now destroy material and work worth together £15,000." The gun has then to be "chambered" and fitted with the "breech-screw;" after that a number of ingenious contrivances are applied, the object of which is to make the firing of the gun a simple and safe operation. When the gun has been completed it is taken to the company's range in the moorland district of Ridsdale, thirty-five miles north-west of Newcastle, where Major Jones submits them to the final proof. The moor adjoining Sir William Armstrong's seat at Cragside, forty miles from the city, is the place selected for trying machine guns.

A very large variety of guns is produced at the Ordnance works at Elswick, in addition to the big guns, the course of invention never being allowed to rest in respect of the introduction of improved artillery. They make a mountain gun which will carry a 7-lb. shell a distance of from 3,000 to 4,000 yards. The gun weighs 400 lb., but is divided into two parts at the trunnions, and can thus be carried by two mules. "Six mules carry gun, carriage, ammunition, and gear," says the writer from whom we have been quoting; "the gun proved of great service in the recent wars in Afghanistan and South Africa, and a large number have been made since it was designed." The Gatling machine gun, which has been so greatly improved recently that it can now fire from 800 to 1,000 shots per minute, is made by the Elswick company, who are able to turn out a thousand of these guns per year. A rapid firing gun, to which the name of the Elswick Cannon Revolver has been given, is also one of the more recent novelties manufactured by Sir William Armstrong's firm. The gun takes a metallic cartridge (shell and cartridge combination) 8¼ lb. in weight, and fires from ten to fifteen shots per minute, with a velocity of 1,700 feet per second. Another novelty in guns is a steel-riband gun. It consists of a steel cylinder barrel with ribands of steel wound over it in successive layers, a mode of construction which minimizes the danger from flaw. There are fourteen layers of riband in a 10-in. gun, which has a thickness of walls of 11 inches, of which three inches is of steel riband. "A 10-inch 21-ton gun, twenty-seven feet in length, with a charge of 230 lb., starting a projectile weighing 450 lb., has given a velocity of 2,025 feet per second, which means a stored-up energy equal to 12,800 foot-tons, as contrasted with a velocity of 1,900 feet per second, or an energy equal to 10,000 foot-tons, obtained from

a 25-ton gun of the same bore and the same length, built on the ordinary system, with a charge of 180 lb. and a projectile weighing 400 lb." The Elswick company have also introduced a system of relining guns, which will commend itself to military authorities as an economical contrivance deserving of every encouragement. In the making of gun carriages and mountings a large force of workmen is employed.

The manufacture of projectiles is largely carried on at Elswick. As we have seen, one of the features of the Armstrong gun when it was first invented and approved was a new kind of projectile. Several shops are now devoted to the making of projectiles by Sir William Armstrong's firm, who make common shells, shrapnel shells, steel shells for armour plates, Palliser shells and case shot. The capacity of the shells is largely increased by their being made of steel instead of cast iron as formerly. "The use of steel," says the writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "permits of a considerable reduction in the thickness of the walls of the shell, which, in fact, constitute the shell. This allows of a much larger charge of powder, thus a common shell for a 6-inch gun now holds 12 lbs. of powder, as against 7 lbs. in the cast-iron form. The shrapnel shell is a bottle-nosed cylinder of steel, forged and bored out. They are made in all sizes, from 7 lb. in weight up to 1,700 lb. and three times the diameter is usually the measure of their length. These shells are entirely filled, usually with hardened lead bullets of about 1 oz. in weight. The bullets are put in in layers, though not with mathematical exactness—they are merely shaken together. Melted rosin is poured in among them, in order to fill up the interstices; else, when the heavy shock of the explosion came, they would be all flattened against each other." The steel shell for penetrating armour plates is first forged, then bored, and finally tempered, and is constructed to carry such an amount of powder as will cause it to explode and add its pieces to the destructive splinters from the broken plate. A bag of 7 lb or 8 lb of powder will suffice for a shell weighing 450 lbs. Every shell has a copper ring in three grooves, which encloses it towards its base. "Before the charge is fired, this fixes the shell in its place, and when it has been started on its journey along the barrel, it secures for it the full advantage of the rifling by causing it to rotate. If a spent shell is examined, it will be found that not only have the grooves disappeared, but that the copper band has been driven into correspondence with the rifling of the gun." The plant at Elswick, we are told, is equal to turning out 500 rounds of projectiles with their fuzes and cartridges, for every gun made per year.

Before quitting this part of our subject, it may not be out of place to quote Captain Noble's opinion in regard to the armaments of the future. The character of the gun of the future, he considers, will be influenced by the absence or presence of armour on ships of war. If ships drop armour plates altogether, he thinks

there will be no occasion to increase the size of the guns; but if we found them adding to the weight of their armour, we must have guns capable of coping with it. He does not think the rage for armour will continue. He considers that an armour deck, which might be of any thickness that is necessary, would sufficiently meet the necessities of the case. His opinion is that all guns, or nearly all guns, unless they are inside turrets, or barbettes, ought to be placed on the upper decks to avoid the effect of shells below, and that shields or other local protections should be used to protect the gunners from the fire of machine guns, and from shrapnel and splinters of shell. Guns must not be below deck (unless they are protected by armour), because modern shells falling there would be very disastrous in their effects, the great explosive force having to expand itself in so small a space. If the armouring of ships is persisted in, we may easily go on to produce much larger guns. With the present most powerful gun, the 105-ton gun, the energy of the shot is something like 54,000 foot-tons; but if they were to increase the length of the gun to 40 calibres, they could, with the same charge of powder, run up the energy to over 70,000 foot-tons. No difficulty would be experienced in making guns much larger than they are now. If they were asked, they could double the size of the present biggest guns. Captain Noble, however, does not think that the best thing to do.

The new steel works which the company have, under the direction of Colonel Dyer, started will cover when complete an area of a little over ten acres, six-and-a-quarter acres of which will be under cover. The firm have had some difficulties to overcome in the nature of the ground, which is situated on a slope, but they have surmounted them so well that they have turned out a decided advantage. By having had to build the steel works in four terraces they have made the regenerating chambers and the valves more accessible, by reason of their being above ground, so that all material can be brought by rail to the spot required, at a great deal less expense than if the works had been constructed on a level on the old system. There are two 25-ton Siemens' furnaces, each capable of producing 150 tons of pure steel per week. There are six circular gas producers, for the production of gas for consumption in the furnaces. The various processes of the steel manufacture are carried on on the most approved principles.

The shipbuilding department, which is, of course, chiefly carried on at Low Walker, has during the last few years turned out some very special and novel vessels of war, and is likely to attract more attention than ever in the future. The fame of the firm's war ships has spread to all the nations of the earth, and the important contracts which have been completed for foreign governments of late by Sir William Armstrong, Mitchell & Co. have shown that they are amongst the leading war-ship builders

of the world. In the old days, before the amalgamation of the two firms which now constitute the company, the whole of the gunboats and cruisers contracted for by Sir William Armstrong's company were built at Mitchell's yard, and included the first of the coast-defence gunboats, designed by Mr. George Rendel and named the "Staunch," all the alphabetical gunboats built for China, the 16-knot heavily-armed cruisers constructed for China and Chili, and the later and larger 18-knot cruisers "Esmeralda" and "Giovanni Bansan" built for the Chilian and Italian governments respectively. There are ten building berths at Low Walker, where 2,500 men are employed.

It seems somewhat strange that one of the finest vessels of war, and in fact the fastest sea-going war-ship afloat, should have been built by the firm of Sir William Armstrong, Mitchell & Co., for the Chilian navy, which in the "Esmeralda" possesses a combination of offensive and defensive qualities altogether unsurpassed. At the annual meeting of the firm in October last, the chairman, Sir William Armstrong, made special allusion to this vessel and its class as inaugurating a new era in the construction of ships of war. "The 'Esmeralda,'" said Sir William, "is the swiftest and most powerfully-armed cruiser in the world, and although she has sufficient coal-carrying capacity to enable her to keep the sea for an unusual length of time, she has nevertheless the great advantage of being comparatively of small dimensions. She is unarmoured, as all cruisers ought to be, but as her boilers, engines, and magazines are all below water level, and are covered by a strong steel water-tight deck, which is also below water-level, she is almost absolutely secure against the worst effects of projectiles. The guns are shielded against small-arm machine gun fire, and by means of mechanical appliances require very few men to work them. Her floatation and stability when pierced in exposed parts are secured by methods which are now generally acknowledged to be efficient, so that she would be very difficult to sink or disable, even if opposed to an ironclad. Happily she has passed into the hands of a nation which is never likely to be at war with England, for I can conceive no more terrible scourge on our commerce than she would be in the hands of an enemy. No cruiser in the British navy is swift enough to catch her or strong enough to take her. We have seen what the 'Alabama' could do—what might we expect from such an incomparably superior vessel as the 'Esmeralda?'"

The "Esmeralda," of which a model is now on view, as we have stated, in the Inventions Exhibition, is such a remarkable vessel that it merits a more detailed description. Her construction began early in 1882, and occupied rather more than two years, and could have been completed in less time if the war with Chili and Peru had continued, and made its earlier delivery a necessity. The vessel embodies all the most recent improvements. She is

built of steel, exceedingly well sub-divided, furnished with powerful steam pumps, fitted with beautiful hydraulic mechanisms for loading and working the heavy guns and for steering, carries electric searching lights, is lit by electric lamps, and has magnificent accommodation for officers, crew, and stores. The real secret of her rapid progress is to be found in the fact that her design was thoroughly well-considered, her armament definitely decided upon, and all the important details arranged before the contract was concluded. Expensive and tedious alterations were thus avoided, and the whole work having been planned and executed under a single control, delays, that so often occur when separate departments or separate firms undertake different portions of the work, were avoided. Thoroughout the operations, a competent Chilian commission watched the construction. The principal features in the armament of the "Esmeralda" may be regarded as a natural development from the armaments of the swift cruisers previously designed and built by Sir W. G. Armstrong & Co. To Mr. Rendel must be attributed the realization of the idea of mounting heavy guns on comparatively small but swift vessels of the cruiser class. The first examples were two or three vessels of 210 feet in length, 1,300 tons displacement, and 16 knots speed, built about four years ago for China and Chili. These small vessels were very cleverly arranged, and each carried two 25-ton guns, with hydraulic mechanism, besides lighter guns. They had a good coal supply, the bunkers being arranged over engines and boilers as a protection; and they have proved themselves capable of making long ocean voyages alone. But their small size, and the nearness of the heavy bow and stern-chase guns to the water, made them incapable of fighting efficiently at full speed in heavy weather at sea; and this fact, with others that need not be mentioned, naturally led to the consideration of the possibility of producing more powerful and swifter ships of larger size, but similarly armed as regards the heavy guns. Further, the question of protection for the vitals of the ship—engines, boilers, magazines, and steering appliances—had also forced itself into greater prominence during the period succeeding the construction of the first cruisers, having been much discussed at an even earlier date. Protection must here be considered as protection against shell-fire, the form of attack most fatal to unarmoured ships of all classes. Such protection is now looked upon as an essential quality in war ships of any considerable size, and in the case of the "Esmeralda" and other vessels of this class built by Sir William Armstrong, Mitchell & Co., it is provided in a very remarkable degree.

The three cruisers which the firm are constructing for the Japanese government are each 300 feet in length, 46 feet in breadth, draw 18½ feet of water, and are of about 3,600 tons displacement. They have twin-screw engines, which are to develop 7,500 horse-power at least, and their estimated maximum

speed is from 18 to 18½ knots. The armament includes two 28-ton 26-centimetre guns, mounted on centre pivot automatic carriages as bow and stern chasers. These guns are worked and loaded by hydraulic mechanism. On each broadside there are 15-centimetre guns of 5 tons each, also on centre pivot automatic carriages of Elswick design; and along the broadsides there are also placed no less than ten 1-inch machine guns and two rapid-fire guns. There are two military masts, in the tops of which four of the improved Gatling guns, made at Elswick, will be mounted. In addition to the gun armament, each vessel will have a complete armament of locomotive torpedoes, ejected from four stations, two on each broadside, situated at a small height above water. There is also a very powerful ram bow, formed of an immensely strong steel casting, which projects forward under water, and would deliver a terrific blow upon the under-water portion of any ship attacked. A strong protective deck, covering the spaces occupied by machinery, boilers, magazines, and steering gear, is a leading feature. It is of steel, has a thickness varying from 2 to 3 inches, and has a total weight of over 450 tons. There are likewise minute cellular sub-divisions of the space above the protective deck and below the main deck, which is about 6 feet above water. Large quantities of coal can be stowed in these cellular sub-divisions. There are two separate engine-rooms and two separate stoke-holds.

At a time when the condition of the English navy is a matter of great public concern, it is of importance to note what an eminent firm like that of Sir William Armstrong, Mitchell & Co. are doing in the way of naval construction, and if the British government do not take a lesson from the firm's operations for foreign governments in the building of the new class of vessels to which we have referred, they will probably find, if we should suddenly be plunged into war, that our navy is old-fashioned and ineffective, where it ought to be most powerful. Looking at this question from the standpoint of patriotism as well as that of a builder of ships of war, Sir William Armstrong, in October last, said, "It is surprising that so much apathy should be displayed regarding the unprotected state of our commerce. There is at present a well-founded scare about the insufficiency of our navy, but the cry is chiefly for more ironclads, which are of little or no use for the protection of commerce, and we hear but little of the need of fast cruisers to save us from depredations at sea. No nation is so dependent on commerce as we are—without imported food we should actually starve. We have beyond comparison the most numerous mercantile navy in the world, and our ships are spread over every sea; yet our fleet of swift cruisers is perfectly insignificant in relation to the number of ships to be protected or the extent of ocean to be covered. Nothing can be more certain than that in the event of war our merchant shipping would be

attacked; and if an enemy contented himself by assailing our commerce with a fleet of swift and powerful steamers, he would give the go-by to our ironclads and inflict fatal injury upon us, with little cost to himself. As to adapting our mercantile and passenger steamers to act as cruisers in case of emergency, nothing, in my opinion, can be more delusive—they would simply supply victims for 'Esmeraldas.' But, independent of the protection of commerce, ships of the 'Esmeralda' class have much to recommend them. They will never be out of date, while ironclads often become obsolete almost as soon as made. Swift cruisers can ram, and use torpedoes, just as well as armour-clads, and in fact much better, for they have the advantage of superior quickness and handiness. It is only in an artillery fight that an armour-clad has any advantage, and rams and torpedoes will probably have quite as much to do with the fate of naval battles as artillery."

There can be no doubt of this, that in the event of England going to war, the firm of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell & Co. must necessarily take a chief part in the providing of our guns and ships, and it is gratifying to know that, however lethargic the naval authorities of the country may be in regard to the future of the navy, there are brains and hands at work on the Tyne on which we may rely for valuable aid in keeping up our naval supremacy.

"OUR BIG SALMON."

IT was no ordinary salmon; not one of us can speak of it even now but with bated breath and a tendency to re-tell this story. Several of our friends think it time to go the moment that grand fish thrusts its nose into the conversation. Lord Duffer even departed in a huff yesterday afternoon because we persisted in a final gossip upon the subject; but he is devoid of all sense of either romance or sport, without which incongruous ingredients our salmon cannot be dished up for conversational purposes; or perhaps—as I pause the others accept the hypothesis with many-voiced acclamations—he was in love with Ethel himself! She who ought to know best denies this, but her good nature in sheltering rejected lovers from ridicule is proverbial in the family.

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It is perhaps the most perfect hour of the year, viz., six o'clock on a July evening, and especially perfect because we are just going to have tea, an event which attains exceptional importance, owing to the fact that luncheon at the stifling hour of one was a farce. We have been out since early morning, a state of things which has obtained even since our arrival in Wales ten days ago, and are grouped in picturesque attitudes, such as girls naturally adopt when in momentary expectation of the return of the gentlemen, round the head of a rocky pool some miles up the river.

This spot has, after an exhaustive examination of the entire neighbourhood, been pronounced by the family the *beau-idéal* of romantic perfection. The murmur of the fall soothes our ears; Captain Croft calls such music a "ceaseless din," but men of his stamp have no business outside London; in fact his adverse verdict alone would be enough to decide us in having afternoon tea here. It is pleasant to lie on the rocks staring down into the glittering blackness of the deep pool, while the presence of a heavy salmon which lives at its lower end and occasionally startles us with a loud splash, is fraught with ceaseless excitement.

Dick and Captain Croft have often tried him with everything, from a "Jock Scott" to a "Silver Doctor" without getting the ghost of an offer from his majesty. They will soon return, surly, after the bootless fatigue of long wading, and, if we know anything of a fisherman's nature, try him yet again.

Meantime, we light a fire of dry sticks and arrange everything in a way calculated to cheer the eyes of disappointed anglers.

We are disgusted to see Captain Croft returning first, and more still to see Ethel with him, for Dick has long been her slave, and we did hope to find that he and Ethel would be together and that something would occur to prevent his threatened departure to-morrow morning. If this afternoon turns out blank we give up hope, for Dick is due in India in October, and will not get another chance with Ethel.

This morning Captain Croft killed two sewin, and Ethel was the only one of us civil enough to congratulate him. Dick appeared at lunch with an empty creel, bronzed and tired, but as usual, cheerful. This cheerfulness of his, added to a curious habit—very curious, even unique, considering his sex—of thinking of every one else before himself, have helped to make us worship Dick as an elder brother.

"I wish *some* of you *would* be a shade less sisterly," I heard him mutter the other night when Ethel said with a guileless smile, "We all look upon you quite as a brother, you know, Dick."

Captain Croft and Ethel, whom we receive with dignified stiffness, throw out strong hints upon the subject of tea, but we request them not to be greedy, which is uncivil, and declare that the kettle is not yet boiling, which is untrue. Possibly we rather astonish Captain Croft with our rudeness, but we are sore about Dick, and our enemy has often enough disavowed all surprise at the vagaries of our sex.

While the angler, finding us too difficult for conversation, turns over the leaves of his fly-book meditatively, Ethel reclines among the sea of brake-fern which envelops our camp. I observe her from behind a book, and reflect for the thousandth time that the multitude of her conquests is not to be wondered at. Who can withstand such blue eyes and soft curly hair, and the dimples which come and go as she speaks? Again, her voice is like the warble of a nightingale, and—but sister Ethel is a theme which, from its exceeding attractiveness, I must label "dangerous."

As Dick comes in sight, clambering over the rocks with his long rod over his shoulder, I fancy I detect an added light in her eyes, but she only remarks casually, "Now you girls have got your hero back again perhaps you will give us some tea."

"Fish?" says Dick; "not a fin. Might as well throw a fly on dry ground as on this gin-clear water."

He sits down, and we recover our spirits and temper a little. But he is not himself, for being really anxious about him and Ethel, I observe him closely and note the elaboration of effort in his mirth.

"I wish he were not so humble-minded. Probably he will not even ask her," so run my thoughts.

After our painstaking preparations tea is not to be dismissed in a moment. Our contemplative enjoyment of it, however, is broken in upon by a loud shout from fourteen-year-old Bella. "Look,

the salmon!" and she points to the curving eddies which mark the spot where the big fish has risen.

"By gum," says Dick, jumping up in haste, "it's a regular sock-dolager. Take my rod, Croft, and try for it."

"No, no, it's your turn. I had the last."

But good-natured Dick thrusts the rod into his friend's hand and drags off his own hat to examine the flies in it.

Our loud-tongued entreaties are to him as the idle wind; but a gentle, low-voiced request from Ethel veers him round in a moment. He takes the rod, and glides cautiously down to the water's edge, crouched behind rocks, and with beating hearts we watch every movement of Dick's fingers.

"I shall show him a big dark fly first;"—his words scarcely reach us through the noise of the fall—"I should never land such a 'whopper' on a small hook."

He seems an age affixing that fly and then wetting it. As he lengthens his line out a yard or more each cast, and the black wings and silver body float nearer and nearer to the spot where the great fish rose, our excitement reaches almost to bursting point, and little Bella has to be held down by force.

There, it must have been right over his nose that time! I almost wonder that Dick has the courage to go on working his fly at all. But no ripple breaks the surface. His majesty gazes unmoved upon the black and silver. Two or three more throws and Dick reels up his line.

"Try him with a small 'Jock Scott' now," Captain Croft, caught by the prevailing excitement, speaks in a solemn whisper.

"All right. Throw me one over."

Again the wetting process has to be gone through and again seems more endless than before.

At last the brilliant-hued "Jock Scott" is almost over the big fish. Dick balances himself carefully for the next cast. The rod curves back, swings forward, and the fly, delivered straight and freely, drops gently on to the water a couple of yards above the salmon. Hardly has the line sunk an inch below the surface before there is a heaving boil and swirl of waters as the great fish bounds to the surface. There is not one of us girls who would not at this juncture have thrown the rod down with a shriek.

In a moment Jack has struck. His rod is a hoop; the line flashes through the water; the whirring reel makes music in our ears.

"Down to the bottom of the pool, and drive him back if he makes for the rapid." We obey Dick like children, except Ethel, who stands beside him and views the struggle, so to say, from the grand stand.

The first rush is straight towards the dangerous rapid, but a strenuous splashing from us drives the fish back in time.

"By Jove! that was a near shave though," and Dick wipes his forehead hastily.

Both Dick and Captain Croft afterwards declared that they had never seen a fish show such sport as this one did.

One grand rush after another seems to leave him as fresh as ever. He is across the pool, down the pool, under the white water at the top, and almost under Dick's feet—all in a moment. Again and again he hurls himself into the air, and his great silvery side almost dazzles our eyes with its glitter.

Little Bella positively cries with excitement, and one or two of us would fain do likewise.

I have that strange feeling anglers have often described to me, which makes the burning reality of the moment blot out past and future. The fate of the universe seems to hang on this one fish; if he is once landed I feel that the struggle of life will be over.

For thirty-eight minutes does that fish keep us palpitating round that pool, then he begins to tire. His rushes are shorter and shorter. Dick is getting him in hand.

One last effort for freedom, however, he makes, in spite of a shower of stones from us, and the strain put upon him by sixteen feet of greenheart, that gallant fish struggles into the head of the rapid.

Dick comes running down the bank, losing line even then, for the current of the narrows is furious.

Through the neck at the bottom of the pool flashes the salmon like lightning. The sight of boulders and broken water renews his courage. Dick's course down stream is arrested by a big rock; his line is run out to the last yard. This prince of fishes will escape after all! Dick looks upon the swirling water and sets his teeth. There is a last chance, but a risky one.

"Don't, Dick; you would be drowned to a certainty," we shout in chorus. Ethel implores him with tears in her eyes not to risk it. He looks gratefully at her, but shakes his head. It flashes across me that if the expression of her face at this moment does not give him heart to ask her a certain interesting question on the way home, why, he doesn't deserve her.

Nothing short of cart ropes would stop Dick now his blood is up; he steps into the hurrying water and is taken off his legs in a moment and washed against a rock; now he regains his footing and staggers on a yard or two, now loses it once more.

"No fish in the world is worth such dangerous work as this. What a reckless chap it is," thus Captain Croft anxiously.

While making a short *détour* round the rocks we lose sight of the angler for a moment; then, rushing breathlessly down to the water again, find him lying upon the bank, much shaken, bruised, and exhausted, but holding on to his rod doggedly.

"The fish is sulking in the lower pool," he explains, emptying the water from his pockets. "When I've had a rest you must come and rouse him up with stones."

The respite is brief. That game fish is soon careering round

the second pool, but the effort is a final one. Very soon he is lying in shallow water, almost passive.

We have no gaff with us, and Captain Croft's big landing net would not even hint at inclosing such a leviathan as this.

Dick leads the fish steadily shorewards until it is almost aground; then Captain Croft, warily circling around it, scoops it up in both arms, and, behold, the great salmon is glittering among the ling and heather!

A loud cheer arises from the whole party, and little Bella, in a paroxysm of triumph, kneels beside the silver monster and kisses its slippery side!

"Thirty pounds, at least," we cry.

"No, twenty-five, perhaps," say the gentlemen. "And a grand fish, in perfect condition."

The excitement of the sport has completely driven all thoughts of Dick's coming departure from my mind, but they now return with force. "He *shall* have a chance," I declare to myself, and ponder a little while the others are steeped in fish-worship.

"Dick," I exclaim authoritatively, "you must go home at once, instead of loitering about here, dripping like a Newfoundland dog. Ethel and I will walk back with you."

Catching Dick's eye, I see that he understands me. "Come along," he says.

Ethel takes my arm on the side remote from Dick. She is remarkably silent, and shows a tendency to blush about nothing, fearing possibly that her anxiety about Dick's dangerous escapade just now may have betrayed her. Dick, feeling that he is now, as he would himself phrase it, "in for it," maintains a no less impenetrable dumbness. Never have two such leaden companions fallen to my lot before or since.

It is a relief that the beauty of the winding moorland path, stretching away behind us, compels me to stop and take out my sketch-book.

"I'll stay with you," says Ethel nervously.

"What, and leave poor old Dick to jog home alone?"

"Eh?" says Dick, looking at me with comical terror. "Don't let me drag her with me if she wants to stay."

"Nonsense; go away, Ethel. I can't have you fidgeting about me while I am drawing."

Their assiduous good nature in preparing my water-colour box and block for action knows no bounds; neither fulsome hints nor cross requests will induce them to depart. At length, when I am busy with my first wash, and refuse with sulky steadfastness to answer any more questions, or to offer any further pretext for their moving hand or foot on my behalf, they stroll shyly off together, Ethel's eyes on the ground, Dick's on the distant horizon.

Craning round upon my camp-stool, I watch them down the long slope of brake-fern and heather, straining my eyes as they grow

indistinct after crossing the stream, and finally disappear, to leave me none the wiser for all my gazing.

Anxiety prevents my sitting still for ten minutes together. My sketch is a curiosity—a phenomenal specimen of the kind of daub producible by the convulsive dashes of a hand totally unassisted by a mind, which is too agitated to do its duty.

My eyes yearn to pierce the small knoll behind which the twain have disappeared. Are those two heads any nearer to each other than when I saw them last?

For years we have looked upon Dick as a brother; to-morrow night when he has departed many tears will be shed which he will know nothing of. His going to India, too, is a mere freak, a decision reversible, I really believe, by a single word from Ethel. Again, Dick is his own master, unhampered by that lack of gold which quenches the hopes of so many young fellows. Well, I have done my best, and, now they have had a clear hour with their fate in their own hands, may as well collect my paraphernalia and follow them.

As I pace homewards and gaze over the swelling hills, the sun setting "beyond their utmost purple rim" saddens me. Solitude and the gloom of eventide, melancholy as a long-drawn sigh of nature, settle upon my soul; by the time I have reached the last bridge to be crossed, the castles I have built concerning Dick and Ethel have crumbled one by one.

Suddenly I stumble upon them among the rocks, and my hopes rush to the surface once more; the glow of happiness upon these two faces admits of but one explanation.

"You old brick," begins Dick, clasping my two hands with a fervour which I trust he will never repeat. "If it hadn't been for you I should never have done it!"

"And, Lucy," adds Ethel in a thrilling voice, with her arms round my neck, "you're a dear old thing; if it hadn't been for the salmon and Dick's going in after it, he would never have——"

"Done this," interpolates Dick, kissing her again and again, with a cool indifference to my presence, which bathes her face in crimson. "But we haven't the courage to go in without you," he adds, when he has quite done his whispers in her ear.

"You'll have to, though, Master Dick," I reply, dashing onwards and into the midst of the astonished group in the inn parlour.

"It's twenty pounds ten ounces," shouts Bella, by way of greeting.

"Come outside, girls," I exclaim breathlessly, "and I'll show you something worth a hundred salmon."

As we emerge from the door the soft twilight shows us the prettiest picture we have ever looked upon; and the happiness which underlies the shyness of the one face and the sparkle and triumph of the other wakes an answering chord in our hearts as we murmur, "Welcome, brother!"

HAROLD VALLINGS.

WOBBLESWICK;

OR, THE SIXTEEN WHITE UMBRELLAS.

By L. Alldridge, Author of "The Tower Garden," &c.

CHAPTER III.

DEMORALIZED WOBBLESWICK.

YES, it was too true! On that sacred green, before those idyllic fisher cottages—*Lawn Tennis was in full force!*

And she—the Being—was playing! And little Jack Hooper, in the sublimest of flannels was playing with her! And Stuckey, the Adonis of the Wobbleswickian crew, was playing with her brother!

But it wasn't the sense of desecration that forced from Ashley Brooke the strange and furious laugh of mingled rage and scorn that broke from his lips. No, it was the feeling of the absolute outrage to all sanity and right reason involved in the fact that that insignificant little brute Hooper was playing with that most extraordinary world's wonder of beauty, that Being, and that he, Ashley Brooke, wasn't!

By this time the demoralization of Wobbleswick was proceeding with fearful rapidity.

Old Dod, the ferryman, had left his boat to a youngster, and was sitting on the settle outside that Bell Inn we have all seen in so many a water-colour exhibition, gazing at the Being and the game, both of which were quite new experiences to him, with a gleam of peculiar satisfaction stealing over his well-salted face. His little grandson Elijah Horace, leaning against his knee, was looking on with open eyes and mouth; Downey had left his nets and with his mates, Chandler and Harris, filled the settle. Ben Lines leaned his broad shoulders over the gate of his cottage; Gerty Carew was sitting by her door-step trying to make a study of the Being's attitude as she sent her balls flying; Miss Holding and four other lady-amateurs were watching from a window, and craning their necks for a good view of the beautiful cause of all this disturbance; thirteen artists who ought to have been at work, had furled their white umbrellas, and were standing about in small but excited groups all over the place; and finally, such interstices as remained were completely filled up by the whole of the juvenile population of Wobbleswick.

This was the first time lawn tennis had ever been played within

the sacred precincts of Wobbleswick; it was new to most of the natives. As for the artists and amateurs, many of them had been as long as six weeks without touching a racket; the sight of one made their fingers itch to clutch a handle again. Had the ugliest woman in the world been playing they would have been eager for a game; as it was they simply went off their heads—all of them, all, that is, except one man, the man who was painting the well. Neither the Being nor the game stopped his work. He was married, had a sick wife, half-a-dozen children; and quarter day was already in the offing. Poor wretch, there was no lawn tennis for him! But he was very fond of his wife and children, so perhaps after all he was not to be pitied.

I do not, of course, include among the thirteen artists, who with Brooke, Stuckey and Hooper, made up the immortal sixteen white umbrellas, the eminent etcher nor the distinguished marine painter. These great personages were far too exalted to be influenced, either by the charms of the Being or of the game; they were, besides, well looked after by thoroughly competent wives and families.

Presently Stuckey and the Being's brother kindly resigned to two others; but little Jack Hooper refused to give up the Being; she laughed—oh! song of birds was nothing to her laugh—and she let him have his way; while Stuckey, who had approached Edith Maudesley, confided to her that, for the last hour, the sole wish of his life had been to kill and eat Jack Hooper.

Just then a most attractive middle-aged lady appeared, who conveyed away the Being and the brother, probably with a view to giving them something to eat. They, however, left their rackets behind them.

"Play a set with me!" exclaimed Brooke eagerly to Edith.

"No, thanks, the sun has given me the head-ache. I must go in," said Edith. Then Stuckey, who, to the grace of Adonis added the strength of Hercules, bounded over the Green and secured Gerty Carew for his partner.

Jack Hooper, two inches higher then with extra conceit and importance, came up to Miss Maudesley, and raved about himself and the Being.

He said her name was Hilda, her brother's Taff, her mother's, Mrs. Denison; they had the drawing-room at the "Swell house," the one and only house that had been built for letting; where, unhappily, a creature Miss Denison herself spoke of as "our resident artist," was staying. Sixteen white umbrellas were closed for the rest of that day.

Hilda Denison came out after lunch, and played and talked with every one with such kindness, that every man in the place not only fell in love with her, but fancied he had produced a favourable impression on the adorable Hilda herself; and every girl struck up a fast friendship with her to prove she wasn't jealous.

Dinnerless, they all played until the daylight failed entirely, and the tennis nets had to be taken down.

That evening no Ashley Brooke sang his little bit of Schubert or Rubenstein, no Stuckey drew out plaintive notes from his violin. They were both too tired for music; moreover, they were both annoyed with each other because Stuckey had said that Brooke declared he had cheated him out of a game with Hilda Denison.

Nevertheless, although those two were silent, there was singing in the "Swell house."

There, in a well-lighted room, might be seen the undaunted little Hooper sitting with the Denisons.

"Oh, do sing that Lay of Wobbleswick over again! Pray—do—do! I never heard anything so touching!" Hilda Denison was saying, turning up her lovely eyes, as she spoke, in the most appealing way.

Then Hooper sang. His voice was like the croak of the merry melodious corn-crake, or the gasp of an asthmatic frog on a windy night. These were the words; he sang them to a well-known common metre tune:

> "And Lady Amateurs are there, who morn and evening flop,
> Round artists of the other sex, and talk supremest 'shop.'"

"Oh, once more, Mr. Hooper—once more!" exclaimed the Being, ecstatically clasping her small and shapely hands.

And Mr. Hooper repeated the verse, slightly varying the intonation:

> "And Lady Amateurs are there, who morn and evening flo-o-op
> Round Artists of the other sex, and talk supremest sho-o-op."

"Believe me, I never heard anything I liked half as well," said Hilda, seriously. "It's sublime! And do they really, really annoy you so much? How sorry I am for you!"

This is what Wobbleswick had come down to!

The demoralization of Wobbleswick was complete. Ah! It is a sad, sad story—I must hasten over its painful details.

Brooke was first in the field next morning. Conscience had made him uneasy, for awhile, about Edith's headache, so he had taken Conscience by the shoulders and bundled her out of window; besides which, Edith had been not only all right again in the evening but quite gay. He had never before seen her in such spirits; she had played with Stuckey splendidly. So no harm had been done.

"Wobble*stick* is the most delightful place I was ever in. Who was the stick and why did he wobble?" asked Hilda, as she and Brooke met, and she looked up at Brooke with the most enchanting, half-childish inquiry. How could he begin about Wicks and Vics and Vikings? He not only accepted the hideous desecration of the name, but actually laughed at it.

His umbrella was not put up that day, nor the next, nor next. Alas! His was only one among fifteen others!

Edith Maudesley had thought first of going home; but subsequently determined to ignore the past, as far as appearance went. It was a martyrdom to her feelings; but she was brave, and although she did a little work, played as much lawn tennis as any one. She had been deeply hurt, but she made no sign.

Before the end of the week Stuckey and Brooke's relations, which had been strained ever since the Being appeared, snapped with a loud bang.

"We must part," said Stuckey.

"All right! Part away," retorted Brooke.

"Which is to go?" demanded Stuckey.

"Not I, whoever the other may be," replied Brooke.

And Stuckey went. As not a room was to be had, it was thought he put up in Dod's cabin, or in the net houses.

The next morning while Taff Denison, assisted by two of the nameless white umbrellas who acted as Chorus, was chalking the court, Brooke was out and about looking for the bewitching Hilda. Twelve brothers of the brush were doing the same.

He presently espied her and Stuckey in serious converse, with Mrs. Denison at a convenient distance.

They were in the shadow of the pier; never had Brooke seen Hilda look more surpassingly lovely. Her downward gaze was pensively fixed on her hands, which lay idly on her lap, the great curling lashes swept the pure rich roses on her cheeks, a gleam of sunlight striking through the ruined timber falling on the tangle of deep golden hair that showed beneath her hat; there was a placid, happy gravity about her just then that made her seem almost Wobbleswickian.

Well might he have asked, with the first James of Scotland:

> "Ah, sweet, are ye a worldly cré-ature,
> Or heavenly thing in likeness of Natûre?"

Brooke felt it was maddening to see the intentness with which that beautiful Being was listening to the wooing of the magnificent Stuckey. He was sure that traitor, presuming on his own too evident personal attractions, was proposing! Setting everything at defiance, Brooke approached rapidly from under the rotting timber, his eyes fixed on the downcast features of the lovely girl, and his heart torn with admiration, jealousy and rage.

He was soon within earshot; but one of the huge piles of the pier screened him from observation.

He listened—all is fair in love and war—he listened breathlessly—he heard Stuckey's rich clear voice say in its mellowest tones:

"Oh Jacky, I'm agoin' for to kill and eat ye!"

Even he, wild as he was, could hardly construe the sentence into a declaration of love; besides which, in spite of his taste for Schumann and Rubenstein, he was well read in the modern bards and especially in his Thackeray.

Evidently it was about little Jack Hooper those two were conversing, but that was dangerous, and might only too easily lead up to more personal talk. At that moment, however, Hooper himself, who, had, according to his own account, become entangled in the meshes of that crowd of Lady Amateurs, who perpetually flopped round him (a couple of Kate Greenawayish girls) wrenched himself free, and swooped down on the Hilda and Stuckey just before Brooke could reach them; while from pier, beach and harbour, the rest of the sixteen approached.

The whole of that day Brooke spent in trying to get a moment alone with Hilda.

He even called at the "Swell house," but Topples, whom Hilda Denison spoke of as "our resident artist" was having afternoon-tea with the ladies then, so also were as many of the sixteen as could anyhow be squeezed into the drawing-room or the front garden.

After dark, Brooke, growing desperate, managed to catch young Denison, swore him to secrecy, and said that he had planned an excursion up the river to the broad and heronry. Would he come, and make his mother and sister come to?

Taff, eager to seize any chance of getting into a boat, promised. Ben Lines was interviewed, boat secured. Next day ladies were willing, hamper packed, Ben Lines punctual, and all stowed safely on board with admirable stealthiness.

Oh what an hour to be remembered it was pulling up that smooth stream, between those green banks and nodding purple flowered reeds, with Hilda Denison!

But of course with a mother, brother and boatman present, you must not speak out all that is in your inmost soul.

"Ma'am, dew you go and walk about, I'll get tea ready," said Ben Lines, after they had landed. "I know the ways of this place, I dew!"

There was a charming little wood near. Naturally Mr. Brooke and Miss Denison strolled off there, the others following at a respectful distance.

Brooke felt it was now or never; but it is horrible to have to make love in such a hurry, especially to a girl whom he could not help feeling belonged so utterly to the "Not Wobbleswick;" and was evidently used to spending money.

They went on through the wood, they came to a little opening, the golden sunshine streaming through the tall trees brought out the red in the bark of twisted fir stems. Brooke turned up his pointed beard to the spreading tree tops, it was a trick he had; then he looked out at the silvery broad and the grey herons wading in its shallows, murmuring something, something sweet, artistic, poetic, about mingled silver and gold, the while he rapidly sketched the scene in the air with his thumb, after the manner of artists.

"Yes," he said gently, "I have loved Nature—landscape—very much, very deeply, but now—I know now you have taught me that there is more real beauty in—in—a girl's—in a human face than in all the universe besides! I feel how utterly art must fail to reproduce, even faintly, such beauty as yours; but if the devotion of a life-time would enable me to—to—paint your portrait—to—to——" and he could not get on.

Hilda Denison looked up at him with her frank, half-childish, half-womanly glance.

"Oh, Mr. Brooke," she said earnestly, "ever since I saw you first I have been wanting to ask you one question. It weighs upon my mind; but don't answer it unless you quite—quite like."

"I do like! I like anything you like!" exclaimed Brooke with intense excitement, hope rushing into his heart in a wild, impetuous torrent.

"It's about your white mice; where do you keep them?" asked Hilda with the simplest *naïveté*.

"My what? My—my—Good heavens! Oh, there's Stuckey! There's Hooper! There's all Wobbleswick; Oh, I say, I say, this is too bad! It really is, too, too, too distracting!"

"And our dear 'resident artist' too!" exclaimed Hilda gleefully. "Oh, how I love every one of these artists!"

"Oh, if you would only say 'one' and leave out the every!" sighed the unhappy Brooke vehemently.

"It was your lovely corduroys and your turned-down felt, that made me sure you had some white mice, you know," said Hilda, with her birdiest laugh, and then the fifteen were upon them, and Miss Denison choosing a couple of the rank and file, strolled about the wood until tea was ready.

Brooke was wretched until they started to return, then he had his innings—his beautiful tenor sounded sweetly over the water in the evening air. It harmonized exquisitely with the deep grey sky and the long lines of intense red that lay in great bars on the horizon, almost it seems on the tops of the tall dark reeds beneath which the spectral herons were still wading.

"Thank you, thank you—it is very lovely—it is all very lovely," murmured the Being in an angelic tone that did not mar the stillness and beauty of the evening. She seemed quite Wobbleswickian then.

Brooke returned to his lodgings under the full conviction that at last in spite of her words about the white mice, he had made a definite impression upon the mind if not the heart of Hilda Denison.

Of course he stayed awake nearly all night—and as early as he dared to appear was at the "Swell house."

Miss Denison and her brother had gone to a great town much further up the coast, for the day, and were not expected back until the evening. Mrs. Denison, attended by the "resident artist," had

accompanied them to the station. This was a great blow and very upsetting to Ashley Brooke, the day stretched before him in illimitable length and unutterable drearyness. He gazed miserably on the prospect; then a drop of rain falling on his hand roused him to action.

Mrs. Denison would have to come back from the station, the R.A. (thus was the "resident artist" now spoken of) would have quite half-an-hour alone with her; a most unfair advantage; a mother is such an invaluable ally.

Brooke at once decided that it was his duty to take his white umbrella and go to meet Mrs. Denison.

He set off promptly, but had not gone very far along one of the sandy lanes that led to the Common before he heard a voice behind him:

"Hi! Brooke! Hurry up quick, old man! There's Stuckey killing and eating little Jack Hooper!"

He raised his eyes from the damp sand on which they had been pensively fixed, looked behind and recognized Smith, one of the Chorus, who, with his white umbrella well *en evidence*, was striding up the lane. At the top of the lane was a piece of waste land on which were seen the magnificent Stuckey and the under-sized Jack Hooper, each with his white umbrella, Stuckey looking as if he were about to take Jack up between his finger and thumb, and Hooper as if he were a gnat just going to sting Stuckey.

Brooke refused to go to the rescue. He was too much hurt and disgusted at the exhibition.

Five white umbrellas were already accounted for. Three lanes met on that piece of ground. Hardly had Brooke arrived there than he saw Jones and Robinson, followed in the distance at intervals by Grant, Allen, and Harris, furtively stealing up the lane to the right—so making ten, while advancing from the left were James, T. F. Smyth, Ross, and young Ross, his brother, bringing the number up to fourteen—each with his white umbrella.

Stuckey, a born leader of men and of situations, was at once master of the crisis. He burst into a loud guffaw.

"Look here!" he exclaimed when he could speak. "If this thing's worth doing at all, it's worth doing well—so—'tention! Fall in!"

They fell in. He put them through a short and simple drill, then gave the word "Quick March!" And away they went—each man with his white umbrella up.

There was now another lane to go through. It was narrow.

Mrs. Denison, with the R. A., attended by Gunning and Speke who had waylaid them on the Common, were coming through it, when Mrs. Denison, who was near-sighted, exclaimed in terror:

"Oh! The lane's full of white cows! Oh, what shall I do!" And she turned and fled back to the Common, the R.A., Gunning, and Speke rushing after her, calling out:

"It's only the fellows with their umbrellas up, I assure you; that's all!"

"No, no, it's cows! It's cows!—I tell you it's cows," she cried, and never turned until safe within a cottage door.

She was finally escorted back to Wobbleswick by all the sixteen.

After that morning's experiment each man thought it better for the others to abstain from going to the station to meet Hilda Denison, but several stragglers haunted the route to the station; however, Hilda did not come. The train came in not more than half-an-hour late; but she was not there.

Mrs. Denison grew seriously alarmed. There was not another train until nine o'clock when it would be pitch dark, there being no moon, and a tempest was evidently brewing.

The anxiety felt by Mrs. Denison was shared by all the sixteen; but with true British pluck each concealed it from the others.

The R. A., who considered he had a natural right to protect Mrs. Denison, borrowed a lantern of Ben Lines. As it was raining heavily, the R. A. begged Mrs. Denison to remain at home; she said she couldn't stay in the house. There were many unfenced gravel pits on the Common. She was panic-stricken with the idea that her children might fall in and be killed, or if not killed, maimed for life.

She put on her waterproof and went out with the R. A. and the lantern. Out of doors it was absolutely dark. To say you could not see an inch before you would be less than the truth, the darkness seemed to lie on your very face and hem you in all around. In vain the R. A. begged, implored her not to venture.

"It's no use! Don't ask me to stay in! I must—I must—I must go! Oh—those horrible gravel pits!"

Clinging tightly to the R. A.'s arm, she entered the lane amid the driving rain, and imprisoning darkness.

"Oh, we ought to have brought Ben Lines with us to show us the way," she cried. "We shall never find it."

"I know every step," exclaimed the R. A.

"And so do I!" echoed a well-known voice close by.

Ashley Brooke flashed his lantern upon them.

Mrs. Denison felt better when she saw the second lantern, but she still clung to the R. A.

It was impossible to make any mistake about the road while in the lane—but when they reached the Common, where the wind was raging and the rain beating so that it was all Mrs. Denison could do to stand at all, both the men turned their lanterns on the wet sandy paths with a caution that aroused her suspicions.

"Trust me," said the R. A., as they stopped where several narrow ways, faintly white and indistinct, met. "I went over every inch of the ground this morning. I'm sure I know it. This is the right path."

"I am certain it is not," said Brooke, moving his lantern about.

"Oh, I'm sure Mr. Topples knows! Pray, pray let us trust him!" cried Mrs. Denison, in so piteous a voice that Brooke was obliged to say, "I'm sure he's wrong; but never mind. If you wish it, I'll follow his lead."

In a very few minutes they had entirely lost the track. In vain they turned their lanterns to the wet ground, the paths were not to be found. A moment or two later they were all struggling wildly among the tall dripping bracken, now plunging into a rabbit hole, then scrambling on to the top of a mound, the R. A. dragging Mrs. Denison through the tangle in which she was half buried, and Brooke trying to throw a light on what was just before them.

All around the pitiless storm was tearing and howling as if determined to beat them to pieces, and the darkness hemming them in every moment tighter and tighter, except just where the lanterns shed their feeble rays on a mass of wet and unnatural green.

Mrs. Denison, shaken, lamed, bruised and scratched, fought bravely on; but every step seemed to lead into deeper bracken or fiercer brambles.

Suddenly Brooke disappeared, lantern and all, as if the earth had swallowed him up. Then among the noise of wind and rain they heard him call.

"Keep back! Keep back! There's a ditch, and I'm in it!"

Cautiously feeling each step, the others battled through the bracken.

"Are you hurt?" they shouted, and found themselves on the brink of diving after Brooke, whom they presently managed to drag out a good deal scratched but otherwise unhurt.

No sooner was Brooke out of the ditch than there was a noise, a light, they saw the train pulling up. They found they were quite close to the line although some yards from the station.

"If they leave the station without us they're done for!" cried Brooke frantically. "Stop at the station!" he yelled. "Hi! we're coming! Stop at the station!"

"Oh, shout! shout! louder! louder!" exclaimed Mrs. Denison, terrified almost out of her senses.

Madly they all three shouted, yelled, screamed, shrieked at the top of their voices, more madly still they all went plunging up to their eyes in the blinding bracken in their desperate efforts to reach the station, but the more they tried to get there the more futile their struggles proved.

The train moved on towards them. Again, feeling it was a last chance, they shouted, yelled, shrieked, this time so loudly, that in spite of the storm and noise of the engine the driver heard them, and stopped.

"Any passengers at Wobbleswick!" they shouted.

"Lady and gentleman! We've left lantern," the driver called back. Then the train went on. All was darkness again.

They tried to reach the line but could not. They shouted themselves hoarse but there was no response.

"There's a light! There they are! Now, Mrs. Denison!"

With a desperate effort they got free from the bracken and made for the light. Then, in an instant it was gone.

"They're in the ditch! In the pit!" shrieked the distracted mother. "Oh, let me go to them! Let me go, I can't be held back!"

"I suppose you're convinced now, Topples, that you don't know the way!" said Brooke, sternly.

"Oh, do go and look for them, Mr. Topples, do go!" implored Mrs. Denison, and Topples went. It seemed as if he made one wild plunge into the abyss of darkness and was lost for ever.

"If it wasn't for those gravel pits I wouldn't mind!" cried Mrs. Denison, trying to be calm.

It was too horrible! The thought of that lovely girl lying with broken limbs. Ugh! Brooke felt the bare idea was driving him mad; but with a great effort he commanded both himself and Mrs. Denison, made a careful survey of the ground, and ultimately groped the way back into the track.

Mrs. Denison was sure she saw a light, and was hardly to be restrained from venturing after it. A dozen times or more they both saw a light; but Brooke was firm, and held her to the beaten path in spite of her fearful distress, which was almost more than he could stand.

"Oh! Oh! What will their poor father do! And he idolizes them so! Oh, Hilda! Oh, Taff! And oh!—Poor, poor Eric! Oh, he'll break his heart for Hilda!" moaned Mrs. Denison. Brooke could feel her arm quivering violently as it clung to his.

"Eric?" he repeated; he had not heard that name before, they were in the right track then and it was not necessary to watch every inch of way "Eric?"

Mrs. Denison was far too much agitated to care what she said:

"The m-man she was to m-marry in—in the s-s-spring! Oh, what will he do? And my poor husband, too—Oh, what will become of us?" she said, as well as she could, for her teeth were chattering with horror. "Those pits! Those pits!"

Brooke almost wished, just at that minute, that he had fallen into them himself; that would have been nothing compared with hearing what Hilda's mother had just said. However, he managed to say something encouraging, and continued plodding along with Mrs. Denison.

When they reached the lane Ben Lines came suddenly upon them.

"It's all right, ma'am!" he called out. "I ha' taken 'em back! The young lady, she dew seem not a hair the worse—that she dew not!"

"Oh"——the mother drew a long sigh of relief. "Thank

you! Thank you! Oh thank—thank you!" she cried, instinctively diving for her purse, while Brooke as instinctively put his hand in his pocket.

"I find 'em," said Lines, "I find 'em (thank ye, ma'am; much obliged, sir!) I find 'em just a going as right the wrong way as ever were. Right set for the broad, they were, sure enough; and there be a many of the gentlemen out looking for 'em, that there be—thirteen or fourteen on 'em they dew say has turn out! Like enough there be one or two in the pits; so I thought I'd just go and see for 'em. Thank ye, ma'am. Good-night to you," and Ben Lines passed on.

"Oh, I could have kissed the ground he stood on!" exclaimed Mrs. Denison, hysterically. But Mr. Brooke, although thankful that there had been no ghastly tragedy, did not feel elated.

You can imagine the scene, when Mrs. Denison again met her children; when Hilda, who had changed her ruined garments, for a warm and cosy tea-gown rushed to the door and flung her curd-white arms around her wet and sobbing mother! It was too much for Ashley Brooke! He felt so much emotion that he was obliged to retire promptly. As he turned from the lighted hall, the R. A. limped painfully in, supported by the noble Stuckey, whose aspect showed unmistakably that he, too, had been doing battle with the elements on Wobbleswick Common.

It was past midnight before the last of the sixteen owners of the white umbrellas was safe back in his lodgings.

CHAPTER IV.

AFTERWARDS.

No lawn tennis nets were erected next day on the Green opposite Edith Maudesley's lodgings. When Hilda Denison appeared, it was in a tailor-made navy serge, and a sailor hat.

Later on a steam-yacht appeared in the offing; to the astonishment of every one it made for the deserted harbour of Wobbleswick. There were ladies and gentleman on board, at sight of whom both Taff and Hilda took off there hats and waved them in the air.

Sadness, and a feeling that they were about to be deserted, stole over the hearts of the sixteen.

All, except two, had already proposed; the two now rushed simultaneously down from the pier to the harbour, madly hoping against hope, that—but no matter—they were both too late—that is, they were both just in time to see a young man fly down the gang-way and kiss the Being, who had flown to meet him.

The remaining fourteen witnessed this un-Wobbleswickian

scene in sadness—but one only—Ashley Brooke, to wit, knew that young man's name was Eric.

Shortly afterwards all the Denisons went on board, and when Wobbleswick looked its last on the wonderful "not Wobbleswick" creature that had so disturbed the peace of its community, she was standing on the deck of the yacht in the centre of a distinctly worldly-looking group; and she was bowing, bowing—oh, with what grace!—what beauty!—what charming, simple gaiety! And she was slightly lifting her sailor hat; and the sun was falling on the rich gold of her perfect head; and the breeze was stirring the dainty fringes of her hair; and over the water that same breeze brought to Wobbleswick a low, musical laugh like the song of birds at a distance; and the yacht went slowly out of the harbour, and Wobbleswick ran wildly to the end of the pier; and then Hilda Denison faded and faded, and then the yacht grew smaller and smaller out on the wide sun-lighted ocean, and at last nothing but a dim line of smoke remained, and Hilda Denison was but a memory to them all.

Wobbleswick felt unutterably lonely; especially, so felt Mr. Ashley Brooke.

He was an honest fellow. He could not pretend to work as some others did.

He retired to his lodgings; packed up his belongings, paid his bills, ordered his things to be sent to London, and walked six miles to a remote station.

Just before he reached the station he saw Stuckey sitting on a gate, melancholy and alone.

They had not spoken since the night of their parting. Brooke thought he would turn and go some other way; but Stuckey, in the greatness of his soul, rose up and with outstretched hand went toward the man who, until recently, had been his friend, ever since the days when they wielded, side by side, their first chalk-holders. They shook hands in an expressive silence.

"Were you going to the station?" presently asked Stuckey, in a sad and even tone.

"I was," returned Brooke gloomily.

"I've been there," said Stuckey, in the same despondent tone; then he added more cheerfully, "Little Brute Hooper was getting a ticket, and I was so frightened he wouldn't use it if he saw me, just out of spite, that I concluded to lose my train; which is what I'm now doing. You'd better do the same."

"I will," said Brooke; so they sat on the stile until they saw the train pass with Hooper in it and then they went back to Wobbleswick faster friends than ever. They picked up several others on the way.

The dishonest ones who had stayed at Wobbleswick pretending to work declared that they had had a most glorious day, the great marine painter having discovered that remarkable sky for which

they had all been waiting so long; for it is one of the peculiarities of most landscape painters that they can so rarely find "a sky."

* * * * * *

Now Ashley Brooke's poor conscience, which some time before he had taken by the shoulders and bundled out of window, although she had been stunned was by no means dead. Before many hours were over, like a magnetic needle from which some disturbing counter-attraction had been removed, Wobbleswick was rapidly settling down to its normal condition and Mr. Brooke's conscience was doing the same; so also was his affection.

In an incredibly short space of time he had an intense longing to put back life to the point at which it had been interrupted.

He thought, with tender regret, of that sweet day on which he, Edith and Gerty had sat together painting the marshes. Those long narrow canvases were still canvases; would they ever be pictures? His certainly would never be unless *she* would consent to forget his temporary insanity and go out and finish hers at the same time.

How absurd it was to think he had ever been in love with that Hilda Denison! He could kill himself with rage when he thought of it! Had he been mad? Had he been in a lunatic asylum?

But how to make her—Edith Maudesley—the only girl he had ever for one moment truly cared for—how to make her see that he indeed truly cared for her—that he wasn't a worthless humbug?

How nobly she had behaved throughout! He had no words to express his admiration for her conduct!

But it was excessively awkward to have to—to—confess that he was, after all so common-place a fellow, that he had done precisely what fifteen others had done. Was this attaining individuality? Was this progress? What would Mr. Herbert Spencer say? More important still—what would Edith say?

One afternoon he was about slinking by Edith's lodgings, ashamed to enter, when, the door being open, he perceived that afternoon tea on a larger scale than usual was going on.

He slipped in among the crowd. She gave him a cup. He stirred it sadly. He gained courage to look about the room.

It was well for him his nerves were still strong; for on the mantel-shelf what should there be but a most excellent portrait of Hilda Denison in black and white! smiling at him—at them—at all of them!

Every one was congratulating Miss Maudesley upon her great good luck. Some time ago a publisher had mentioned in a vague, casual way something about her illustrating a serial for him. She had sent that publisher various suggestions of the heroine; but they had all been returned with thanks. Gerty Carew in the first flush of admiration for Hilda Denison had made an attempt at her portrait and had given up in despair, but Edith who had been

looking for a face as eagerly as some few others for a sky, had picked up the discarded drawing, and had worked it up to such a heroine as is very rarely seen. The publisher was delighted, gave her the order at once, and every one declared that Miss Maudesley was now in a fair way of making her fortune. It was a superb triumph all round; but it made Brooke very sad. If he now told her what he wished to tell her she would think that he only cared for her as a money gainer.

He was excessively miserable. The peace, the quiet blissfulness of the days before the Invasion would not return. He worked very hard to make up for lost time; but he was wretched. He was afraid he had lost Edith; if so what a treasure he had recklessly flung away! When he came to the girl's lodgings, as, after that cup of tea, he did many times every day, he turned his back to the mantel-piece and, looking the picture of misery, gazed at the panel of the door, on which Gerty Carew had painted a couple of bulrushes.

The unexpected sale of a picture somewhat restored his self-respect, still he was wretched.

"I cannot congratulate you," he said one day when Gerty had discreetly slipped away. "No, I cannot!" he added, dolefully.

"Why?" asked Edith, with a lingering twinge of that jealousy it had been such fierce work to conquer—a twinge that gave her acute pain.

"Put that drawing away and come out into the marshes with that long canvas and I'll tell you," said Brooke, dismally, "that is—" he went on lamely, "perhaps you despise me too much?"

So they went out and Gerty Carew did not accompany them, but radiant happiness was with them both when they returned.

* * * * * *

Things turned out pretty well after all; and Edith Maudesley's parents proved more amenable to reason than either she or Brooke had expected.

They were married last March and have been happy ever since.

They are very fond of Wobbleswick; strange to say, so are all the other owners of the sixteen white umbrellas.

The serial Edith illustrated proved a tremendous success—a success due as much, so some say, to the lovely face of the heroine as to the story itself. It was certainly a great triumph. But there were passages in her Wobbleswickian experiences that Mrs. Ashley Brooke never revealed even to her husband. The most devoted of wives think it wise to make some few reservations. They find it necessary for the sake of the other—the other is so apt to become conceited.

But Ashley Brooke always declared that his wife was the bravest woman in the world, and that her capacity for business was unrivalled.

SHARP, SHARPER, SHARPEST.

IT is not so very long ago since the clever archæological frauds of the Greek, Shapira, set all Europe ringing, and made several noted learned men hide their august heads with shame on finding how easy it was to gull and deceive them in their own special departments of knowledge. As a skit on this incident, a German wit, a certain C. M. Seyppel, issued what he pretended was a document dating from the days of the Pharaohs, and which he made to look in every respect like a venerable and aged manuscript. It consisted of a clever poem, and yet cleverer illustrations, in which he hit off most skilfully the salient characteristics of Egyptian hieroglyphic and monumental picture writing. So successful was this squib, that the author has followed it by another, of which an English version has just appeared under the happy title of "Sharp, Sharper, Sharpest." It is a humorous tale of Old Egypt, told in ballad form, and was, we are informed on the title-page, "penned down and depicted in the year 1315 B.C. by C. M. Seyppel, court painter and poet laureate of his Majesty King Rhampsinit III., and done into the English tongue by two Mummies of the old dynasty." Memphis is indicated as the town of publication, the street, Mummies Arcade, No. 35, with the further injunction put into brackets to "Ring three times." For the benefit of those of our readers who may not know how to find that locality, we will confide to them that Messrs. Trübner & Co. of Ludgate Hill, kindly express themselves willing to put them upon the right track. Having ourselves made the great pilgrimage, and having duly rung at the bell three times, as stated, we obtained thence the precious old manuscript which now lies before us in its torn, mouldy, time-worn state, its stained pages happily not so entirely destroyed but that we can read on them the amusing story told long ago by old Herodotus, and here once more retold, how King Ramses, the old-world Rothschild, was overwhelmed by his gold and treasures, which he knew not how to store nor how to guard from robbers. These pages are roughly tied into a cover of jagged, brown mummy cloth, that has visibly suffered from its long interment in some moist sepulchre, but which still bears on its outside the outlines of two royal lions, royally presenting tongues to each other and to us, of a scarabæus and of a wreath of lotus leaves and flowers, the symbols of the ancient kingdom of the Nile. The coarse cord that binds in the

leaves is attached on the middle of the cover by a large waxen seal bearing the head and superscription of King Ruppsippos, while mouldy straps of leather tie up the precious document after the manner common to ancient records.

Let us turn over the brown ragged pages together. The first shows us Ramses, the king of Egypt, in all his might, majesty, and dignity; an angular, stiff, archaic figure, such as we know well from the reliefs in the British Museum, in dress and semblance not unlike his illustrious predecessor, the Sesostris of the Greeks, whose gigantic statue taken from the Memmonium of Thebes adorns our national collection. His hand is upraised in wonder and admiration as he surveys his "treasures more than usual," which in those pre-banking days had to be stored up in kind—here represented under the form of rings, crowns, necklets, gods, goblets and pure ingots. Over these treasures the king watched eagerly and anxiously, and we behold him on another page nursing a huge pot of gold, while with uplifted forefinger he enjoins vigilance upon the naked slaves, of Anglo-Saxon attitudes, that surround him. But the treasure waxed ever greater day by day, the slaves had to pile the gold into rude hillocks, and Ramses grew more and more troubled in his mind about his wealth, and where he should continue to hide it, for the cellars were full to the ceiling with mountains of gold. Anxiety concerning this made his face grow lank and lean, and caused him to start anxiously from his couch at night and issue forth, night-light in hand, to inspect his possessions. While moon and stars grin sardonically upon his royal anxieties, we see him peeping through the chink of a massive Egyptian wall at his warders. He catches them drinking and inattentive, and this but strengthens his nervous terrors. At last, after much pondering, he commanded into his presence Eusippos, the great architect of his realm, that he might consult with him how should be built a treasury whence none could steal. Eusippos, a weather-beaten, wily-visaged old Egyptian, appears before his royal master, who is vainly tapping his forehead with his forefinger in search of an idea. The wary architect tells his king that, if he will trust him entirely, he will make use of his great art and build for his riches a place of safety. "Son of mine," says Ramses, "let thy skilful arts prevail, and if thou succeedest, gold and honours shall be thine." And pulling his stiffly-plaited beard, the king departs grinning contentedly, while crosses, decorations, and coins adumbrate what shall await the architect. The next night, shod in noiseless socks, the king carrying a dark lantern, the pair issue forth from the palace to select a suitable site for the treasure-house, wading through bogs and over desert land, past pyramids and palm-trees to accomplish their purpose. This done, they return respectively to their palatial and modest chambers to slumber and snore upon their respective royal couch and pallet

bed. Next morning Eusippos collects his slaves about him, draws up a plan and bids them execute the same under his personal superintendence, and with the assistance of his stick and whip, until the mansion stands complete—a stately house, guarded by massive pylons. The king comes to inspect his servants' labours, and after gazing at the huge monumental structure with a telescope, pronounces it good, and patting his faithful servant upon his square Egyptian pate, bids him hold open his skirts into which he then pours the promised treasures; goblets, orders, bracelets, ingots. He then commanded his slaves to bear his gold into the new treasure-house, and we see them groaning and sweating under their burdens. So great was the task, it required thirty days and nights for its accomplishment, as we learn from the thirty suns accompanied by thirty moons, in varying phases of monthly course, that are depicted for our comprehension by the mummy artist.

The treasures stored, Ramses had rest in his mind, his weary cares and torments he declared as ended, and in his joy he abandons himself to the lazy delights of a rocking-chair, while female slaves fan him with long palm leaves and harpists sing ancient ditties into his ear. But alas for the vanity of human hopes. While Ramses thus rocks his weary cares to rest, the wily Eusippos repairs to the structure he has built so tall and strong, and draws out thence a stone which he had cleverly adjusted into the wall without the aid of mortar. This stone he took in and out periodically, leaping into the cavity thus formed, and helping himself to his master's gold, proving, as the mummy-poet tells us, that though he confounded the conceptions of mine and thine, he was wide awake, or, as we should say now, up to snuff.

"But," continues the poet:

> "But the mighty power of Fate had
> Something else for him in store:
> And Death's sable shadows gathered
> Round his eyelids more and more."

These sable shadows are most skilfully symbolized by the mummy-artist as a pair of dark wings. Above the hapless architect, who regards their approach with horror, sit the three Egyptian Fates, eagerly pointing towards the man whom they would seize in their clutches.

When Eusippos saw that death was his doom, he called his two sons around him and confided to them how they could enter the treasure house of the king, an intelligence at which their hearts inwardly rejoiced, while outwardly they put on all signs of grief, causing the dead man to be embalmed with every care, and having him buried with all honours. A whole page is devoted to the funeral procession as it winds along the road, oxen-drawn, as

it sails down the Nile, as the final judgment is engraved on the sarcophagus.

Then, scarcely is the death-wake over—a gorgeous feast of drink and pottage—than the sons, armed with sacks, under cover of the star-lit night, wend their way to the Pylon Gate, to gather in some of that yellow metal which is so handy for a rainy day.

Yes, just as their papa had told them, so it was, the massive stone was loose and easily withdrawn, and with one leap we behold the pair precipitate themselves inside the treasure-house, their feet for a brief moment sticking outside. While the king snores at his ease, happy in his mind, the worthy couple fill their sacks and pockets, re-close the hole, and re-seek their home. Now after a good night's rest the sun re-appears between the pyramids, and Ramses having cleared his throat with four long bottles of wine, proceeds to his treasure-house, grinning with rapture as he beholds his golden stores, until with horror he perceives that some are missing. "Seize the robber," he cries to his slaves, "and cut off his head at once, cost what it may." Meanwhile he also bade that all the warders be flogged as dolts and idiots, as a stimulus to future vigilance. But vigilance proves vain, and so do the huge seals and bolts affixed upon the entrance door. They remain unbroken, but the gold continues to melt away, and the King is furious, and vows he will have vengeance, aye, even though it should cost his crown. He summons to his presence, Klau, his best detective, and bids him catch the thief, alive or dead. This Klau promises to do, in token whereof he places his finger on his nose, and all overjoyed at this assurance, the king dances on one leg around his throne, an absurd picture, his diaphanous garments permitting us to behold his angular Dutch-doll-like legs. At this point our mummy-poet once more waxes moral. He sings:

"Man's desires when first excited,
Like a fire they soon increase;
Great misfortune thence arises,
So it happened in this case."

Grown careless by success the robbers nightly revisit the store, one watching without while the other darts within. But alas! Klau had contrived a man-trap, and when the one without, hearing his brother scream, peeps within, he sees his companion caught in a vice whence there is no escape. The trapped man proves himself the worthy son of his wily father. "Brother," he cries, "there is only one thing now to do. If you would be unmolested, cut off my head and bear it away with my garments, then none will know me and trace you."

Weeping sore the other consents to execute this order, which as the poet says, was:

"Painful, doubtless, for a brother,
Yet a sensible command."

When Ramses visits his gold next morning, counting with certainty on seeing the thief at last, he finds only a naked, headless corpse. Bewildered and terror-stricken, he thinks over the matter long and eagerly, until at last it dawns on him that the robbers must have been two, and there also occurs to him a means to catch the second culprit. He bids his soldiers hang up the body on a wall, behind which they shall watch in ambush. If any come lamenting thither, surely it must be the other thief, and thus at last be solved the mystery that is eating at the King's vitals, and robbing him of peace and pleasure. And verily the King was sharp, his detective was sharper, but he had yet to learn that the thief was permanently the sharpest. The secret would indeed nearly have leaked out in the way the King contemplated; for the mother of the thief wept bitterly to see her son's corpse exposed to such indignity, and vowed to her remaining son that, unless he rescued his brother's body, she would blurt out every word to Ramses. Begging her to keep her temper, and give her honoured tongue a rest, Ruppsippos (for that was his name) vowed he would do her behest, and yet arouse no suspicions. Lading seven donkeys with sacks of nectar, he proceeded to drive them in the direction of the guards, puncturing the leathern sacks as he approached the soldiery, so that the precious liquid ran out upon the ground. When they saw this waste, the guards paid no heed to his crocodile tears, but filling bowls and helmets they eagerly quaffed the liquid until they were so drunk that Ruppsippos was able in derision to shave off one half of their hair, and then cut down his brother, and trot him off all unperceived. When the king beheld his mutilated guards, and found that he had once more been outwitted, his fury knew no bounds, and he pondered deep and long how he could set a new trap to find the man who thus audaciously dared to gull his sovereign. After some pondering, Eureka! he discovered a plan. If that failed,

> "Devil take it!
> Then the devil only knows"

Rasa, his daughter, fairest of all Egyptian maidens, was to allow any man to press her lips, after he had confided to her his most evil deeds and artful dodges. The numbers that came into the dark chamber to avail themselves of this privilege, were great, and we behold in the picture a mighty procession winding away for miles.

Ruppsippos, who had long admired the princess from afar, came also, but once more he was up to his tricks. Before setting out he had cut off the hand of his brother, and after kissing the maiden tenderly, he offered to make a clean breast of his sins. "Here," he said, "is the swindler, the good-for-nothing, whom you all seek. Hold him fast." But when Rasa held out her

hand to seize him, she found to her consternation that she held an armless hand in hers, and that the culprit had gone. When the king learnt that he had been once more befooled, he resolved that such craft and awful cunning must not be lost to his realm, and he issued a proclamation telling Egypt's sharpest son that his sins were pardoned, and that a rich crown awaited him.

Ruppsippos read the decree, and though uncertain whether this was a trap, resolved that he must risk neck or nothing. Clad in his Sunday best, he presented himself before the king, who bade him demand a favour. "The hand of Rasa," replied Ruppsippos, not for a moment embarrassed.

For an instant this was more than even the king had contemplated, but assured that there was no resisting so sharp a man, he consented at last to the union, and the last page of the manuscript shows us the pair united in a blissful honeymoon.

Thus ends this delicious squib, which for whimsicality does not easily find a rival. What gives it peculiar value is the accuracy with which the Egyptian archæological, architectural, and hieroglyphic details are caricatured, the happy way in which ideas expressed in the ballad are symbolised in the illustration. The very audacity of the travesty lends it peculiar piquancy, and even the most dry-as-dust Egyptologist, we fancy, will not be able to withhold a smile. As for us, we may laugh frankly, unhampered by learned etiquette.

And the moral of the tale? That it is better to deposit your money at a banker's than to keep it in kind in your house, tied up in an old stocking, or deposited in a cracked tea-pot, which ever way your fancy may incline. For though you may be sharp, and the guardian police sharper, alas! the thief will prove sharpest of all.

SNOBTON SOCIETY.

Pen-and-Ink Sketches.

DRAWN BY MISS THERESA TOWNMOUSE, FOR THE BENEFIT OF HER FRIEND MISS GWENDOLINE COUNTRYMOUSE.

LETTER VII.

From Theresa Townmouse to Gwendoline Countrymouse.

Snobton-by-the-Sea, ——shire.

DEAREST GWEN,

As I found it impossible to describe within the limits of a single letter all those who claim to rank among the *jeunesse dorée* of Snobton, perhaps you will let me fill in some of the minor figures in my pen-and-ink sketch of the above-named distinguished group of individuals.

I have already described to the best of my poor ability some of the great chiefs and leaders of society (if men can ever be said to lead society; a proposition that is certainly open to question), but there are lesser lights in the social firmament which are quite as instructive and amusing to contemplate. Besides, it is a study which makes less demand on the mental vision. One cannot, for instance, gaze long at the sun; the eyes are dazzled by its overpowering brilliancy; but one can watch for hours the soft radiance of the stars or the silver splendour of the moon—rather an "æsthetic and poetic" illustration by-the-by—but let it stand.

There is one section of Snobton society—and a very important one too—that I have not fully described, though now and again a casual reference may have been made to individuals who belong rightfully to this particular group. I speak of the clergy.

Now, dear Gwen, you know I am the last person to speak disparagingly of churchmen as churchmen, but as some one truthfully observed: "After all, parsons are only men." I hold, therefore, that they may be criticised as *men* without the slightest disrespect to their office. Nothing is more absurd, *selon moi*, that the idea some people have that it is high treason to speak of the clergy save in laudatory terms: they have their faults and failings like the rest of us, why should these faults and failings be persistently ignored?

I think I told you some time ago that Snobtonians do not place the clergy very high in the social list. If they have private

means, or if their living is an unusually good one, of course that alters the case. The amount of a man's income always fixes his social status in Snobton, as no doubt it does in other places. Generally speaking our clergy are not rich men, and consequently the position assigned to them is not an exalted one. Curates, if they are fairly well off, fairly good-looking and well-mannered—and of course, unmarried, *cela va sans dire*—a married curate is a social anomaly—have a value of their own for reasons which you will easily guess. A musical curate is a god-send at afternoon teas and "small and early" evening parties; a mildly-flirting, tennis-playing, "small-talking" curate is a most useful person—if good-looking he is ornamental too; he will always be in request at garden-parties and picnics, and may even be asked to make up the number at a dinner-party if the hostess has been placed in a quandary by a disappointment at the last moment. But at "afternoon teas" the curate's foot is on his native heath. There he shines without a rival. There he is in his true element. There he is emphatically the right man in the right place. Tea and cake, muffins and thin bread and butter, to say nothing of ices and wafer-biscuits, are as suitable for his physical sustenance as the mild flirtation, the small talk, and the more pungent gossip are to his mental needs. Then, too, the feminine element always preponderates largely at parties of the kettledrum order, and this is an additional reason why they are beloved of the younger sons of the Church. A curate is rarely happy unless he is surrounded by a band of female devotees; the society of men does not please him, for the very good reason that they treat him simply as a man and not as a parson; while women of all ages look up to him as a superior being and defer to his opinion in a manner that must be extremely gratifying to his vanity.

In my last letter I introduced some of our men of fashion to you at the Bachelors' ball, because that brilliant and festive scene was peculiarly calculated to show them off to advantage—a picture should always have an effective background or it loses half its charm.

Now I should really be sorry to be unjust towards the clerical gentlemen I now propose to make known to you, by choosing an inauspicious moment for presenting them, I have therefore determined that the curates of Snobton shall make their first bow at an "afternoon tea"—that being the soil most favourable for the due development of their peculiar social graces.

But first—for I should like the picture to be as complete as possible—let me describe the most characteristic of our "afternoon teas." To this effect I must, though I intended to devote this letter exclusively to the nobler sex, sketch a lady who shines pre-eminently as hostess on these occasions. As the lady, however, is of the "strong-minded" order, she will in no way disgrace the distinguished and reverend company in which she finds herself by any feminine frivolities whatsoever.

Mrs. Septimus Meekman—*née* Clytemnestra Macnagg—is a woman of mind, of energy, of character. She is a superior woman, an enthusiastic woman, an intellectual woman, an abstruse-book-reading woman, a woman with a mission—and that mission is to set the rest of mankind right. Amongst other things she advocates Woman's Franchise—against which I have not a word to say, because, dear Gwen, I think you and I could vote as intelligently as Hodge who can neither read nor write and has not two ideas in his honest but muddled head, though I do not wish to emulate the manner in which the "shrieking sisterhood" clamour for their "rights." But this is a digression, and besides, the subject is too large a one to be discussed in a letter of this frivolous kind. I must wait until we can have one of our long confidential chats under the shade of your favourite oak-tree, then I can fully elucidate my "views"—and you shall argue against them if you like.

Mrs. Septimus Meekman has many hobbies besides her advocacy of our down-trodden sex—by the way, I never feel down-trodden, do you? She is an anti-vivisectionist, a prevention-of-cruelty-to-animals-ist, a blue-ribbonist. Set her going on any of these subjects and you will be overwhelmed by a torrent of words, a fervid flow of eloquence that would not disgrace our verbose and versatile Premier. *You* will never get a chance of uttering one poor syllable either of approval or disapproval, but *she* will deluge you with an endless stream of arguments unsupported by facts, of stale platitudes, of well-worn aphorisms, of feeble, wishy-washy sentimentalities until you are reduced to a state of stolidly obstinate dissent, or passive and stupefied acquiescence, according to the constitutional bias of your mind. For my part I think on whatever side Mrs. Septimus Meekman elected to range herself, I should—perhaps from sheer contradictoriness, or, to use an expressive Americanism, from pure "cussedness"—espouse the other. I object to be hectored over by ladies of Mrs. Septimus Meekman's calibre. What is the good of preaching up the "Rights of Women" if they deny you the very first and foremost privilege of all—the right to think for yourself?

Clytemnestra Meekman resolutely refuses to listen to anything you may advance in support of your own views, while her own opinions on every subject under heaven are ruthlessly thrust down your throat until the meekest rebel—for even a worm will turn—and the more combative are irritated into making a retort that, alas! for poor human nature, is not always the "retort courteous."

Mrs. Meekman's husband is a somewhat depressed and depressing individual. Perhaps he finds that the daily and hourly companionship of a "superior woman" has an effect the reverse of exhilarating on his mind. Perhaps he thinks it best to submit

to the inevitable—always a wise and philosophical thing to do; that as Clytemnestra so arrogantly asserts her title to be literally considered his "better-half" it is wiser to sink his individuality in hers and be content to echo her opinions with parrot-like exactness, to submit with docility to the yoke matrimonial—in short, to show to a wondering and pitying world another instance of how much better a horse the grey mare sometimes is.

Physically, I need scarcely say, Mrs. Meekman is not imposing—tall women are rarely assertive—and Clytemnestra is not the exception that proves the rule. She is diminutive in stature and has a neat little figure; but there is a characteristic aggressiveness—an innate defiance in her mien that reveals her peculiar idiosyncrasy. Her face even in girlhood must always have been rather plain than pretty, and, as her eighth lustrum has now been passed, she has lost that indescribable *beauté-du-diable* which is rarely denied to youth.

She and Septimus have been married about five years. I have always wondered how the match was made. I feel sure she must have proposed to him for, surely, no man in his senses could have had the hardihood to lay siege to such a fortress. There is a young Meekman, *ætat.* two years, who presumably will grow up a prodigy of wisdom and virtue, for Mrs. Clytemnestra intends to educate him on principles of her own. Already she has pronounced him gifted with unusual intellectual powers, and this infant phenomenon is quite an institution at his mother's afternoon teas. Young ladies who are addicted to baby-worship have a glorious opportunity—which to do them justice they seldom neglect—of displaying to admiring male eyes, how sweet, how charming, how gushingly womanly they can be. I wonder if all that effusive fondness for children shown by some girls is quite sincere, quite unstudied? Sometimes a haunting doubt besets me that all is not gold that glitters, that the smiles, and kisses, and endearing words lavished on babies are not all quite, quite genuine. Am I uncharitable? I hope not, I only wish to be just.

Mrs. Meekman's tea-parties owe much of their popularity to this fact—that her drawing-room is considered neutral ground on which the various members of the various cliques, religious and social, may meet without losing caste in the eyes of their friends. People meet at an "afternoon-tea" who could not and would not meet at a dinner-party. Why it is so I can't attempt to explain, but the fact remains a fact. Then, too, an "afternoon-tea" is not looked on by "serious" people—I mean religiously "serious" people—as unlawful, whereas dinner-parties are of the earth earthy, and habitual diners-out betray a hankering after the flesh-pots of Egypt, while dances and the people who go to them are, of course, looked on as entirely under the patronage and protection of the Evil One. But an "afternoon-tea," beloved of curates and

countenanced by even the most rigidly puritanical of the Evangelicals, is quite another matter and is considered a lawful and edifying recreation.

In one particular I intend to follow the Snobton fashion—living for the time being in Snobton I must do as the Snobtonians do—I will introduce the curates according to the precedence decreed by society here, *i.e.*, according to the quantity and quality of the loaves and fishes of this world with which they have been endowed.

The Rev. Melchisedec Fairweather comes first on the list; he is that *rara avis*, a curate of fortune, and as such enjoys a position of comparative distinction in Snobton society. He is a large, loose-limbed, fleshy-faced young man of seven or eight-and-twenty, with a complexion of womanish fairness, perfectly clean-shaven cheeks and chin, features of a nondescript order, a retreating forehead and the most artistically arranged *chevelure* imaginable. He speaks with a slight lisp—an affectation which is supposed to lend extraordinary grace and eloquence to his pulpit utterances. Indeed, the latter stand sorely in need of some such adventitious charm, the Reverend Melchisedec's oratorical powers not being phenomenal. Sometimes one is puzzled, after listening for twenty minutes or so to this young man's elocutionary efforts, to say what it has all been about. It is like trying to grasp a shadow. There is neither sense nor substance is those carefully-uttered phrases; they are as flaccid and devoid of life and vigour as—(I am at my wits' end for a suitable simile)—as a jelly-fish stranded high on the beach in the blazing mid-day sunshine.

Nevertheless, Melchisedec Fairweather has his admirers; the daily services at the church where he officiates are always well attended by the young ladies of the parish—and by the old ladies too for that matter. He goes in largely for ecclesiastical millinery; (I forgot to say that he belongs to the Ritualistic party), and, draped in gorgeous gold-embroidered vestments of irreproachable cut, he looks a very imposing individual indeed. His chosen friend and constant companion—for it is a peculiarity of our Snobton youth to have an *alter ego* of this sort—is the Reverend Ambrosius Blackie, a dark-skinned, thick-lipped young man, a year or two his junior, with a preternaturally turned-up nose and a heavy angular jaw—in whose veins I should imagine ran blood not quite innocent of admixture with a substance inpensable to mariners.

The affection between these two young men is as the love of Jonathan and David; they are quite inseparable. Every day they may be seen on the Parade walking fraternally arm-in-arm, raising their hats in smirking acknowledgment of the greetings of their numerous lady-friends, and evidently on the best terms with themselves. No garden-party or afternoon tea would be

considered a success without them, and the hostess who secures them for her entertainments considers herself a very lucky and to-be-envied woman.

The Reverend Ambrosius, though not a rich man like his friend, has a comfortable competency, and more than one of his fair flock would have no objection to share his lot. In spite of his plain face he lays claim to the title of a ladies' man, and prides himself not a little on his conquests. I once heard him innocently remark that he "couldn't think why ladies liked him so much, but they always did."

A propos of this young cleric's *affaires du cœur* I must tell you an incident which exemplifies the folly of procrastination, and which ought to be a warning to those who persistently put off until to-morrow what should be done to-day.

The Reverend Ambrosius had been paying his court for some time to Miss Asteria Redmayne—a young lady with a nice little fortune in her own right. The two young people met constantly; they were always partners at tennis; at afternoon teas he hovered near her chair; at musical "at homes" he was always ready to hand her to her carriage, and ill-natured people noticed that Asteria was sedulous in her attendance at daily service, and seemed ready enough to play the part of Heloise to his Abelard. All the world considered them as good as engaged. But Ambrosius with fatal dilatoriness did not actually "propose." Perhaps he was nervous; perhaps he feared to run his head into the matrimonial noose too precipitately; perhaps he took to heart the wise saying: "*Il faut se faire valoir*," and imagined he was adding to his own value by making his Heloise wait a little. Be that as it may, the upshot of this shilly-shallying was disastrous. While he considered another and a bolder wooer came, saw, and conquered—proposed to and was accepted by Asteria. To make matters worse the successful suitor was a friend whom Ambrosius had himself introduced to the demoiselle. So you see there is such a thing as being too sure!

Another popular curate is the Reverend Dermot Shillelagh. From his name you will have guessed that he hails from the Sister Isle. He does, for his speech bewrayeth him. There is a delicate but unmistakable *soupçon* of brogue in his accent that would reveal his nationality even if his physiognomy were not incontestably Hibernian. He is no longer a young man, and has little worldly gear besides his very moderate stipend, but in spite of these drawbacks he, too, has his following, he, too, has his train of lady-admirers, he, too, is in request at the entertainments I have enumerated. I must not forget to mention that he sings, for his musical talents are among his strongest claims to social favour. A neat roll of music always accompanies him to evening parties—he would rather omit to don his irreproachable white tie than forget that all-important roll, for it has given him the

entrée to many a house whose doors would otherwise remain obstinately closed to him.

Perhaps this is why amateur music is so highly valued in Snobton. A young lady who will good naturedly amuse the guests "for nothing," or a man who can sing a song without breaking down ignominiously—it doesn't matter how badly it may be sung—saves the hostess the expense of engaging professionals, and consequently, the amateur singer can always be sure of a card of invitation. What the compensations are for enduring the unutterable boredom of these musical "at homes" and "afternoon-teas" I fail to see. *I* can always amuse myself by watching the people and taking mental notes for your benefit, but they—ah! I am sure, for I have often studied those blank, dull-eyed, bored faces—they are not blessed with a sense of the ridiculous, or with a friend who reads and *says* she is amused by scribblings like these.

At Mr. Meekman's tea-parties there are other curates to be seen besides the three I have mentioned, but I think these may be fairly looked on as representative men. After all, as dear Sam Johnson says, "One green field is very like another green field," and one curate is very like another curate, and a little of clerical society goes a long way. They "talk shop" to a dreadful extent, and too often look at life from a pessimistic point of view. Of course there are exceptions—and your father is one of them, or I should not write these lines to his daughter—but as every one knows, in describing a class one does not dwell on the minority but on the majority.

I conclude my letter with a quotation, which sums up in far better words than any I could command exactly what I wish to say in apology for the frankness with which I have written. "Conventionality is not morality. Self-righteousness is not religion. To attack the first is not to assail the last."

And so for the nonce farewell; keep me in loving remembrance as I do you.

Your always attached
THERESA TOWNMOUSE.

P.S.—Shall I tell you about some of the senior clergy in a future letter; or have you had enough of matters ecclesiastical?

T. T.

HALF-AN-HOUR WITH A MENTONE NATURALIST.

WALKING down the main street of Mentone towards the East Bay, for the first time, there is certainly no lack of objects to interest and amuse on the way. Not to speak of unfamiliar curiosities displayed for sale in the shop windows, there is the quaint, sunken square where the market is held under rows of plane trees, whose dark sprays, barring the cloudless sky, contrast with the brilliant colouring of the vegetables, flowers, and fruit on the stalls below; there are the dark-eyed sellers, one or two of the younger sitting on the low, stone wall which separates their domain from the street, unconsciously challenging the admiration of the passers-by. A few steps further on lead into the *Place* where groups of handsome fishermen in graceful, lounging attitudes will catch an artist's eye, and in another minute the East Bay itself comes into sight.

There the sea is breaking into a crescent cove; its blue surface banded with streaks of purple, green and silver, flecked with the snowy tips of laughing wavelets. Around this cove, starting from the Old Town, rises a range of solemn, olive-covered hills under whose shelter hotels and red-tiled villas thrive apace. Beyond these, sloping towards the sea, the Berceau rears his broad, brown shoulder and at his base, the arches of the Pont St. Louis span the ravine between France and Italy. Below the bridge again are the Rochers Rouges, round which dimples the "many twinkling smile of ocean," and whose caves have held, perhaps, the earliest record of man.

It is hard to say whether the scene is most beautiful when the first light of day is outlining the adjacent capes or when the dawn is hovering along the dim horizon and "the morning star shines dead;" when the sunset blushes among the purpling shadows on the Berceau or when the quiet stars are almost eclipsed by the golden lamps of Garavan, which, dotting the semi-circle of the bay, reflect themselves in the still waters beneath, while the headland of La Mortola, jutting out beyond the Rochers Rouges, looms shadowy in the twilight, hardly less dream-like than the lights of Bordighera as they flash in the far distance.

Yet, though the uninitiated visitor may, as he thinks, have remarked everything in his walk hither, I venture to assert that, ten chances to one, the object most deserving of interest will have escaped his notice, it being contained within a small room on the second floor of the Hotel de Ville.

A room lined with glass cases, filled, more or less, with specimens, furnished besides with a few cane-bottomed chairs, a glass-topped table, another of common wood thrust into a corner near the window and littered with ink, gum, card-board, bits of string, &c.

Just a tiny museum, in fact.

But it is worthy of admiration as having been accomplished by one man—by a poor man, who could give little except his life to science.

Like our Dick and Edwards of northern fame, Monsieur Bonfils knows the meaning of poverty. I am sure no idea of anything so ambitious as creating a Natural History Museum for his native town entered into his head, when he put the first few primeval arrow heads on a shelf in his tiny room on the other side of the street, or when he impaled his first butterfly on a cork; he had no advantages besides the gifts of indomitable perseverance, unconquerable patience and an intense love of nature. Here a little, there a little, now five minutes, now a few hours given to study, by degrees he has formed a complete collection of fishes found in Mentone Bay; he has tasted the keen joy that rewards honest research and calm investigation, and can say, with child-like satisfaction, as he glances lovingly on the specimens now arranged in a room given him by the government:

"*C'est moi qui a fait tout cela! Moi! moi-même, moi seul!*"

From childhood the Red rocks possessed a wonderful attraction for him, a fascination which increased with years. As a lad he would spend hours in the caves digging up flint arrow-heads and stone implements, all of which were carefully hoarded up and their probable meaning pondered over; for, though as yet they had no scientific significance for him, the boy was too sensible not to perceive that they were no ordinary fragments of stone. Occasionally he found a fossil bone or a petrified tooth of some extinct animal, and these gave him fresh food for speculation. This was in the days when the East Bay was almost destitute of houses, before the old chateau, that crowned the height above the Old Town, had been demolished and when the outline of the ancient city wall might yet be distinctly traced. How much he loved these "good old times" may be easily seen, for between his cases of butterflies, fish, birds and fossils there hangs a map of Mentone as it was "long, long ago," a plan of the chateau and the true arms of the town. Nevertheless, it was not until about twenty years ago that Monsieur Bonfils recognized the full value of his boyish researches.

I have no intention of writing a learned article—perhaps I ought to apologize for attempting one of any kind as, alas! I am no *savant;* if, by relating how I came to visit this little room in the Hotel de Ville and what I saw there, I can induce any one to follow my example, I shall have done as much as I dare now

hope to accomplish. It is always good to speak with a man who has—even as he himself would say—succeeded in little, and it is a lasting benefit to witness the result of constant, sustained effort, especially when there have been difficulties in the way of success. Besides this, to quote Monsieur Bonfils again: "One must do all in one's power to popularize Science!"

I wanted to see the "trap-door" spider's nest. This is a curious passage made underground in the hedges and terraces by a species found in the Riviera. It is closed by a door, covered with moss and shutting with a spring, which can hardly be detected from the surrounding soil when the spider "does not receive." Monsieur is a great traveller, Madame hunts for herself, standing under the shelter of the propped-up door while she waits for the unsuspecting prey; if she apprehend danger, *hey presto!* the portcullis falls and then few there be who can find the entrance to her fastness.

Having read a short notice of these creatures and their habits, I wished to see a specimen of their work; accordingly, one wet Wednesday afternoon, I went with a few friends to the Musée.

As we entered, Monsieur Bonfils came to meet us. He is a benevolent-looking little gentleman with extremely bright, pleasant, brown eyes and very simple manners. He seemed delighted to see us, and when he found that we really took an interest in his collection, he skipped from one case to the other with marvellous agility.

We admired his moths and scorpions as the uninitiated generally do—without much discrimination—and spent about ten minutes over the spiders' nests. These struck us as being so curious that we wished to take one away with us in memory of Mentone; but, unfortunately, Monsieur Bonfils had just parted with his last spare specimen, and although he promised to look for one for us on the morrow, he shook his head doubtfully, because the weather had been bad, and during rain, or for some days after, it is almost impossible to tell where the animals are hidden.

Seeing me observing a huge shark, Monsieur Bonfils said to me in great glee,

"I caught him my own self, mademoiselle! Oh, he was a terrible one! I caught him with that big hook yonder, do you see?"—he pointed to one hanging over a case against the wall and proceeded with vivid pantomime—"then I drew him in, hand over hand, just so, and when he came near I hit him so, because, you comprehend, mademoiselle, if I let him into the boat alive he would have bitten off my leg, and that would have hurt. But I killed him first, and then he could do me no harm."

"Did you preserve him yourself, monsieur?" I asked reverently.

"*Oui*, mademoiselle, with arsenic. It is a dangerous, a very dangerous occupation. I must tie a handkerchief over my mouth

and nose to prevent evil effects, and yet," he added brightly, "notwithstanding, it has given me a little movement of the head and pains in the back. One must suffer sometimes, in the cause of science."

"It was you, monsieur," said a lady of our party, "who found the Mentone man—the fossil skeleton—in 1872, was it not?"

He smiled. "*Ah oui, madame, c'était moi, c'est vrai.* But I have found another since then. They say Monsieur Julien discovered it," he continued sadly, "but that is not true. *C'est moi qui l'a trouvé. Moi! moi!*" and he touched himself repeatedly on the breast, looking earnestly at us to see if we believed him.

"I told M. Julien where to seek," he proceeded. "It was in the fourth cave of the Rochers Rouges. I said: 'You will find flint implements, but take care, for you will probably find human bones also.' And he did. See here—here he is!"

M. Bonfils ran to a cabinet at the end of the room and laid his finger on the glass over a human skull.

"*Regardez!* See how large he is!—how strong he is! What teeth!—what a jaw! And here is his arm," he added, running back to the centre table and taking up two bones. "Look at the magnitude of this compared to this of a Roman! *Ah! c'est terrible, vous savez; terrible!*"

He next flew to the door, placing himself against a rough drawing of this later skeleton, bidding us observe his great height (two metres three centimetres). There was something touching in the naturalist's eagerness to display his darling, and something almost comical in the huge skull grinning far above the old gentleman's head, but his enthusiasm carried me away; my heart burned with indignation that M. Julien should have received all the credit and he next to none.

Monsieur Bonfils then told us how, in his opinion, this skeleton belonged to a period much farther back in the world's history than the one found in 1872.

"Because," he said, "round the head of the first man there was a chaplet of pierced shells; there were also deers' teeth pierced as well, which prove that when he lived a certain amount of progress in art had been made; but in the fourth grotto, where this last man was buried, we found only flint arrow-heads, nothing pierced, and afterwards I found a tooth of a cave bear, which marks a period to itself, mademoiselle."

This skeleton lay between two stones, its head turned towards the north, resting against another stone. Monsieur Bonfils thinks that the man had been killed. Just as he and Monsieur Julien were making preparations to take their discovery away a great misfortune befell them. M. Abbo (*entrepreneur de la carrière de pierres*), who was superintending the Italian workmen engaged in quarrying, interfered. The grotto was in Italian ground and he would not permit anything to be removed until they had com-

municated with the authorities; so the two *savants* were obliged to return empty-handed to Mentone. Next day they returned again hoping to be more fortunate, but, alack! unskilful hands had been meddling; nothing was left save the fragments of a skull and one or two bones.

Here Monsieur Bonfil's indomitable perseverance and energy stepped in. He gathered up the bits, sixty-two in number, and carried them away with him to his museum. There, hour after hour, he sat, trying to put the puzzle together, and round him stood a number of strangers, watching him with eager curiosity; every time he succeeded in placing a piece of bone, a storm of applause broke out; he was clapped on the back and everybody was exceedingly delighted. So he worked on and in the end matched all, but, unfortunately, the skull could never be completed as some of the *cranium* had been irretrievably lost. However, such as it is it stands in the Mentone Musée—plain for all folk to see—showing the tremendous jaw and low forehead of our remote ancestors, as well as the force of modern patience.

The following is another incident which struck me as being uncommonly characteristic of Monsieur Bonfils. Seeing me observe him intently while he was relating this part of the story, he laughed and said to me:

"Look here, mademoiselle, I will show you how the *savants* make mistakes. They are so learned, you understand, that they often make much out of what is very little."

He opened a drawer and took thence a number of stone implements.

"See, mademoiselle," he said, putting them into my hands, "the wise men in Paris declared that stone arrows, such as these, could not be made under several days' labour. I did not think so. I said to myself: What rude savage could have patience to work hour after hour at such little things? It is impossible. So I determined to make some myself. *Regardez*," he continued taking up one, "*un seul coup!* And all these—*un seul coup chaque*. Sometimes one learns too much by studying only books, you perceive. But these are not at all worked out. Here is something more difficult." He took up a hammer head, pointing to a slip of paper on it.

"Eight hours!" I read. "And what did you make it with?"

"With this big stone," he answered. "It is worn out now."

Then he showed me other things, weights for fishing, spear heads, &c., the manufacture of which ranged in time from an hour up to *two days*.

"But you have patience, monsieur!" I exclaimed.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Certainly," he said; "for such employment one must forget the railroad, else one could never accomplish anything, but forgetting trains, and steam, and the telegraph, one can do much. Oh, yes! very much."

As we were going away, I stopped to look at a few tiny skeletons neatly arranged on stands. They appeared to me to be those of miniature men.

"And what are these?" I asked.

"Frogs, mademoiselle," he answered smiling, "and toads."

Underneath one was written, "*Vive mon squelette!*" Two were fighting on the next stand, "*Au dernier sang!*" As for the toad, he was standing on his head with his heels in the air taking notes of "the world upside-down!"

M. Bonfils has preserved his dinner. Fish, gravy, bread, chicken, &c., are all in his drawer, turned into stone.

"I only lack wine now," he said gaily. "I take great care of myself, you perceive. There is always a most excellent repast ready, whenever I choose to partake of it."

"How did you petrify it, monsieur?" I asked, as usual.

"Ah, mademoiselle," he returned, laughing outright, "by a very difficult process."

But he would not tell me in what it consisted.

We were very sorry to part from the kindly naturalist—he had evinced so much good nature in answering our questions, had been so ready to point out objects of especial interest. He never once intimated to us, by word or gesture, that our ignorance was appalling; his whole aim seemed to be, with childlike simplicity, to make the world love science even as he did. Her lore is, to him, a beautiful fairy story, and he would willingly open the ears of all to hear her marvels. As we descended the stairs, I could not help thinking to myself, with perhaps a shadow of regret: Surely the study of nature keeps the heart pure. "Except ye become as little children ye cannot enter into the kingdom of God."

ELWYN KEITH.

OXFORD MEMORIES.

By the Author of "Twenty Years in the Church," "Agony Point," &c.

THERE have been more than one instance of unpopular proctors, and one was actually obliged to give way to the clamour of the gallery at the commemoration. The same repulsive greeting was intended for Mr. Dyer, of Trinity, on the occasion of the installation of the Duke of Wellington. But the Dons had an intimation of this, and in consequence we were on that occasion admitted by tickets, which were only given on a clear understanding of good behaviour. Mr. Short, when he gave me my ticket, said if any disturbance were attempted the Vice-Chancellor would dissolve the meeting, and we should have the disgrace of disappointing the ladies and foiling a celebration in honour of the first man of the day.

Proctors are not unpopular because they do their duty, but only from the manner of doing it. University men, the class which prevailed in my time, were very easy to deal with if you spoke to them as gentlemen and treated them as such. At one time it it was agreed, when Mr. Dyer was going on his proctorial rounds, to follow him in cap and gown, walking arm-in-arm, but at the same time with much affected decorum, so that no exception could be taken to the practice. This train of followers became longer and longer—*vires accrescit eundo*—and soon the rabble began to join on; and such ragamuffins as are turned out from Jericho or St. Giles' came in crowds, which became really formidable to all decent citizens—so, serious measures were taken to stop it, especially because those were excited times and the mob was ever rising in the manufacturing districts, and there was even a fear lest the soldiers should refuse to act against a mob which raised the popular cry of Reform. A little remonstrance by the Dons of the separate colleges and a request not to go out of college for some nights put an end to what was becoming a nuisance and a danger.

As to the Commemoration rows, a few years since they had become a disgrace and the theatre a perfect bear garden. This was not so in my time. Jokes and sentiments of a personal nature used to be heard with rather noisy notes of approbation, but nothing to complain of. Names of distinguished men were called out for applause or hisses. Once "the Forty Pros." (pro-proctors chosen for the occasion) were followed by "the Forty

Thieves," and when Travers Twiss was profuse in his Latin superlatives, *fortissimus et doctissimus* was followed with a suggestion of "*et Travers-Twissimus.*" It was in later times when Mr. Mitchell, as Public Orator, with a very port-wine complexion, came to a pause, some one shouted, "Take a glass of water," which provoked the reply, "He doesn't know the taste of it." But then society in Oxford, as elsewhere, was less mixed, and Oxford men were more amenable to the laws of good taste and propriety. At Cambridge I was surprised to hear this practice was as bad, or worse, and the following was adduced as a specimen of what had happened or might happen at any time:

Dr. Whewell, though one of the foremost men of science of his day, was saluted with:

"Billy, take your hat off."

No notice.

"Billy, why don't you take off that 'shocking bad hat'?" As still no notice was taken, there was an uproar, and three cheers and hisses for Billy. At length, as the gallery seemed quite resolved to stop all the proceedings till obeyed, some one spoke to the doctor, and off came the obnoxious hat.

"Now three cheers for our noble selves."

Shouts of triumph and of victory followed this proposal.

"Now, Billy, after this you'll know how to behave yourself another time."

Sad! sad! that such conduct should prevail in such a place, with so little reverence for either age or worth.

At the Commemoration in 1843 the Junior Proctor had made himself so unpopular that the theatre rang with loud and continual notes of disapprobation. This was carried to a disgraceful extent in manner and duration. After one burst of applause in in favour the Vice-Chancellor Dr. Wynter, one continued storm of yelling and hissing was kept up by the rioters. The honorary degrees were conferred in dumb show. The "Creweian Oration," by the Professor of Poetry, Mr. Garbett, was read, but not a word could be heard. Tired out and disgusted, as was every one else out of the "yelling gallery," the Vice-Chancellor dissolved the convocation, the prize poems and essays being left unrecited!

The installation of the Duke of Wellington I remember exactly as it is described by Wilson Croker in a letter to his wife:

"Before the business in the theatre opened, the young men in the galleries amused themselves by calling out and hooting, 'Lord Brougham,' 'Lord Grey and his cousins,' and 'the Whigs and pickpockets," and so forth, enacting quite what the Romans called *Saturnalia.* The protestations were less noisy till they came to Lord Encombe. When after shaking hands with the Lord Chancellor, Lord Encombe went up and shook hands with his old grandfather, Lord Eldon, and when, the seats being full, he sat down at his feet, the applause was astounding. Then there

was such a crush in the area that one poor little boy was nearly stifled till some of the doctors leaned over and pulled him up into their seats. This caused the duke to interfere, and to show them how to place themselves properly and to make room. Then began recitations, Greek, Latin, and English, and some good verses by Mr. Arnould (the present Sir Joshua) on the Hospice of St. Bernard, and when after alluding to Bonaparte's passage of the Alps, he came to the lines about him whom

> "A world could not subdue,
> Bent to thy prowess, chief of Waterloo,"

such was the enthusiasm that the people seemed to go mad. The whole assembly started up; the ladies and the grave semicircle of doctors became as much excited as the boys in the gallery—such peals of shouting, such waving of handkerchiefs and caps, such extravagant clapping and stamping till the air became one cloud of dust! During all this time the duke sat like a statue; at last he took some notice, took off his cap lightly, and pointed to the reciter to go on."

Isaac Williams remarked to me afterwards, "Those lines for a clap-trap were an after-thought. I had inquired and found Mr. Arnould's prize poem had originally nothing of the kind."

Adverting to Mr. Dyer's case, the one danger the Dons feared was the renewal of the old Town and Gown rows, then for some few years out of date. At Cambridge Town and Gown rows lasted rather longer than at Oxford. There is, in "Verdant Green," an exaggerated account of a story which I once wrote, but the true version, as I heard it, not long after the event, from my friend the late Rev. Henry Corrance, of Barnett, who was a principal actor in the scene, is worth repeating in a more truthful form:

Just before the 5th of November, the usual time for Town and Gown fights, some of the leaders of the fray on the University side reflected that it seemed rather unworthy of Cantab prowess that year after year one Bill Spinks should be able to stand forth and to defy the host, and to say, "Send out your best fellow to meet me man to man." As Homer said of the challenge of Ajax, "They were all afraid to accept the challenge and ashamed to refuse it." So they subscribed for the expenses and sent for Peter Crawley. Peter had been the champion of England, and had beaten Jem Ward; though Jem told my friend Fred Gale (*quis nescit* Fred Gale?) it was a fluke. He had intended, when all seemed in his favour, to receive one and return three as scientific counter-hits, and thus to hit Peter out of time, but unluckily the one received took Jem on the temple, and that turned the fortune of the day. This was almost the last dying speech and confession of James Ward, artist as well as ex-prize fighter, at the Victuallers' Asylum, where last year he ended his days. No wonder, therefore, Peter Crawley seemed the right man for the

occasion. *Dolus an virtus quis in hoste requirit*; or, as Paddy said, "If only we can bate 'em we need not be particular." So on the eventful evening Peter Crawley, in Trinity cap and gown, attended by Corrance, a strong fellow of good twelve stone, sallied out at the head of the Trinity men. They soon found Bill Spinks and his party ready for a triumph.

First of all one party stood on one side of the arena and the other party on the other side; and what seems to prove how true are all Homer's battles to real life, speeches were made on both sides to begin with; ay, not only speeches but Homeric speeches too; for our poet's ἔπια πτερόεντα, *winged words*, have never been as well illustrated by any commentator as they were on the occasion I am to describe. For there were no long prosy speeches with a beginning, middle, and end to them, all about the example of our forefathers, the interests of ourselves, and the good opinion of posterity; but by *winged words* I understand short, pithy, pointed sentences like the following, which we can almost fancy that we see as they fly like winged arrows shot and returned from opposing ranks, and very readily suggesting as an apt interpretation the modern term "chaff."

"You're afeard" (afraid), cried the one party.

When full time had been allowed to show that this missile fell harmless from their callous breasts, it was hurled back with

"You're another," retort courteous.

Then again the assailants tried a second shot, aimed personally and directly at Peter Crawley himself, but all in vain; it did not stagger him in the least. We will not give the common vernacular, but render it classically and in Johnsonese, as Macaulay terms it:

"I'll obfuscate your luminaries, Master Trinity."

"Who cares for a sanguineous plebeian!" replied the counterfeit collegian.

So far it was mere skirmishing at a distance, but presently the two champions advanced into the space between, where, after playing with Mr. William Spinks by a little sparring, Peter let out right and left, laying his enemy on the ground. Then the fight became general for a few minutes, when suddenly a cry was raised, "To the rescue!" and behold, at a little distance, a proctor, Mr. Musgrave, afterwards Bishop of Hereford, was seen with his gown torn and so buffeted and rushed against as to be in some personal danger. This was quickly seen by my friend Corrance, who being himself none of the weakest, and being closely followed by his man-of-arms, brought up timely succour. Quickly they were at the embryo prelate's side; and as Peter Crawley was now upon his mettle, and found that his prowess could be exerted with advantage, he put it forth to some purpose; and as the rescued dignitary saw his assailants fall right and left before Peter Crawley's potent arm, doubtless he felt like the Duke

of Wellington when joined by Blucher at Waterloo; and as soon as his much-poked ribs, recovering from their forcible compression, gave him breath to speak, catching hold of Corrance's shoulder from behind, he exclaimed, "a wonderfully fine young man with his fists that! Who is he, pray? I wish particularly to know."

Whether Peter Crawley ever afterwards applied to his lordship for church patronage for any of his kith or kin for the good and useful service that day done I cannot tell, but if he has not, either from diffidence or magnanimity, all bishops will allow that the said Peter Crawley has evinced a degree of consideration and modesty rarely found among gentlemen of a higher class.

But the Oxford Town and Gown rows dated from a period six centuries back. Matthew Paris records riots caused by the jealousy of the citizens of Oxford against the students as early as A.D. 1240, when the students had the worst of the fray, and were obliged to retire from the city, and on one occasion to take refuge at Northampton and on another at Stamford. This is the more remarkable because the students then were probably numerous; there were foreigners from Paris and other cities of the Continent. In the time of the founder of Merton they were estimated at fifteen thousand. This is incredible. By the best authorities three thousand is nearer the truth.

In the days of St. Scholastica the Virgin, February 10, 1354, an affray took place which cost many lives. The Bishop of Lincoln, in whose diocese Oxford then was, placed the townsmen under an interdict, from which they were only released on condition that the commonalty of Oxford should celebrate an anniversary in St. Mary's Church for the souls of the clerks and others killed in the conflict, when the gutter of Brewer's or Slaughter Lane ran with academic blood. As late as 1825, in which year the citizens were first released by Convocation, they used to make offerings just after the Litany to the number of sixty-three, the number of the slain. Mr. Short said, "while this old indignity lasted we used to ask the leading citizens to dinner, and so smoothed it off and made the best of it." Originally the sixty-three had to attend with ropes round their necks.

At the time of the later Town and Gown rows young men were in other ways more of a physical force and rowdy character than they are now, and the old Tom-and-Jerry practices were too much in fashion. The late Marquis of Waterford was very popular, and his pranks from about 1830-1840 betrayed not a few young men into the same practical jokes and sometimes serious scrapes. At Oxford, as at other places, it commonly took the form of wrenching off knockers and dragging out the handles of door-bells. Mr. Cox says: "My fine old brass knocker in Merton Street was a special object of desire and attack. Several times late in the evening had I rescued it just in time on hearing the grating sound of a bar or poker." Christchurch fountain, on being cleared out

one day, was found floored with knockers, ornaments, devices, sign-boards, &c. But the proctor pounced on some, and made the detected pay for a whole lot of knockers abstracted by others as well as by themselves, and some rustications followed the offence. These frolics were a remnant of what was far more easy in the days of the old watchmen—the old "Charlies"—than in the days of the "Peelers"—the new police, the introduction of Sir Robert Peel. The Marquis, when hunting in Leicestershire, abstracted sign-boards and played tricks of various kinds, which at last met with notice from the magistrates. I know nothing more shocking than when any practical joke ends in a fatal accident, as happened by one young man while playing "Waterford tricks" near Leicester. A nephew of Sir Vere Isham upset one of the iron eagles from the gate-post of his uncle's park, and fell with it to the ground; the tip of one wing pierced his side, and he died the next day. I one day was sculling near the Cherwell when one man in a sharp-beaked Thames wherry rowed as a joke across another who had hardly ever been in a boat before, and who therefore proved unable to defend himself. I shouted a warning; the sharp point painfully grazed his ribs, and by a few more inches it would have crushed into his body!

Mr. Bedell Cox tells us of a poetical tribute to the memory of Lord Stowell, the eminent jurisconsult, brother of Lord Eldon, who died 1836:—

"Ossa quieta, precor, tutâ requiescite in urnâ,
Ut sit humus cineri non onerosa tuo!"

Whether or not that prayer was granted as to the urn, to his bones and ashes, I know not. But now (1861) we have in Oxford not only *Ossa* but *Pelion*, in the shape of his and his brother's colossal statues by Nelson, which are deposited in the splendid and useful library of University College, set up at the expense of the noble family as a kind of mausoleum in honour of the two great brothers.

Cox also gives us a more witty quotation when he speaks of an annual sum from the University Press—"What a famous milch cow that press;"

"Fontes perpetuos ubera pressa dabunt."

Mr. Cox records various criticisms about proctors. *Laudatur ab his* is not new. When Mr. Dale, a big man, who was hooted, ended his year of office with little Mr. Laud, he was said to have discharged his office "*cum parvâ Laude.*"

Some years before, Mr. Marshall, of Balliol College, on Commemoration Day, on retiring from the theatre, was struck in the face with an orange thrown at him from the gallery. The offender was not discovered:

"Incertum, quâ pulsa manu, quo turbine adacta
Nec se (Marshalle) jactavit vulnere quisquam."

Among the proctors there have been distinguished names. Copleston, Rigaud, Shuttleworth, Hussey, Symons, Lightfoot, Longley and Liddell could all date some event from *me Procuratore.*

The old derivation of the term among undergraduates was not *pro* and *curo*, but from *pro* for and *curro* to run—that is, to run for to catch a man. The attendant on the proctors, in my time called the marshal, had proved too fleet of foot for most of those who replied, as was said, to the challenge, "*Siste, per fidem*" by "*Curre, per Jovem.*" About 1830 a "University Police" was established, which relieved the proctors of much disagreeable work; still some men refused the office of proctor, not liking the night work, searching houses of ill-fame, and sometimes hunting up and even running down those unfortunates whom Proctor Ellerton called *pestes noctivagæ*, "the pestilence which walketh in darkness." John Sparkes, one of the old professional cricketers, told me he used to attend on proctors sometimes in place of the marshal, and from all sorts of queer hiding-places he would hear a whisper—"Pray, Sparkes, don't split on me." I could have told the proctor on which side Sparkes would be, especially if the offender was one of the cricket eleven.

The Tractarian party was now forming with Keble, Pusey, Isaac Williams, Newman, and others, promoting greater reverence for holy places, a wonderful renovation and increase of churches. and also a purpose and a party for certain earnest-minded men who had heretofore found little sympathy but with evangelicals and dissenters. But, on the other hand, their writers seemed to be working the problem of how near men could go to the Popish candle without singeing their wings. About a hundred "perverts" were honoured with notices in the public prints, and with far more notoriety than most of them would otherwise have achieved, and not a few, after preaching Tractarianism as the very antidote to Popery, ended by being infected by that very complaint.

The "Tracts" became bolder and bolder, till at last Newman, with "Tract 90," drew down a resolution from the Hebdomadal Board, "That such modes of interpretation, evading rather than explaining the sense of the Thirty-nine Articles, and reconciling subscription to them with the adoption of errors they were designed to counteract, are inconsistent with the Statutes of the University, which require subscription to the Articles and the instruction of students in them."

Newman was soon followed by Mr. Sibthorpe, Fellow of Magdalen, with a very Popish sermon. But Sibthorpe soon found out his error, and returned to the Anglican Church. He was a man very much respected as sincere but impressionable.

Without questioning the sincerity of these hundred or more perverts, men act from mixed motives, and are swayed by influences from without. There is another kind of infection

besides the physical. A panic will exemplify how one man catches strong emotions from the many. It is very notable also that perversion declined when no longer a notoriety, or where no distinction or notoriety attached to it. A little later, going to Rome created as little public interest as going to Romford, and there is no doubt that what ceased to be original, and ceased to add distinction, lost much of its attraction.

Then came the Macmullen controversy. Aware of his Romish tendencies, Dr. Hampden would not allow him for his B.D. degree to argue (as *pro formâ*) on subjects of his own choice, but ingeniously set a test thesis—"The Church of England does not teach, nor can it be proved from Scripture that any change takes place in the elements in consecration." There was much litigation, but Macmullen succeeded in refusing this test thesis. The truth was, Hampden was trying to make what had long been a mere formal exercise a test of doctrine, and the Tractarians disputed it and triumphed.

Then some one tried to prove something heretical in the sermon of Dr. Garbett, but the Vice-Chancellor could not see it. Next Mr. Ward, of Balliol, claimed to hold all sorts of Romish doctrines as consistent with subscription, and Mr. Keble defended him. Then Dr. Pusey's case followed. It seemed as if every one wanted just then to unchurch every one else, till Hampden himself, appointed to the See of Hereford, had his share of the *odium theologicum*, though many of that day believed that jealousy, disappointed ambition, and despair of preferment if Hampden and his followers should block the way, had as much to do with the furious onslaught upon him as zeal for orthodoxy or dread of lax opinions.

As to Dr. Pusey, the charge was that in a certain sermon he had taught the real corporeal presence of Christ in the elements of consecration. He was suspended for two years. At the end of that time Dr. Pusey meekly mounted the pulpit, and went on where he had left off in some such words as these:—"When Almighty God, for secret faults which He knew in me, allowed me to be deprived of my office as preacher, I was endeavouring to explain," &c. He then went on with his subject as if there had been only the casual interruption of a few minutes, and preached a sermon of an hour and a half, in which those who watched for anything not good and orthodox were disappointed.

This reminds me of the old doctor at Salamanca, who, after five years in the Inquisition, was discharged, and also allowed to resume his chair, and while all were expecting a tale of his wrongs, he gently raised his hand, and looking round earnestly, began: "My friends, as I remarked when we last met here," and so continued as if there had been no five years' interruption, but only five minutes.

Some of the Tractarian party called Cranmer and Ridley no

better than dissenters. The tendency to ignore the Reformation stirred up the opposition, and the result in Oxford was that to show that the memory of the martyrs to the Reformation was still cherished in the University, £5,000 was subscribed, and the cross and monument opposite St. John's erected in 1839.

My recollections would be faulty indeed if I omitted all mention of Mr. Randall, now about eighty years of age. Randall was a link between the town and the gown, and is still to be seen surrounded by old Oxonians at the Oxford and Cambridge matches, and at one time was never absent from the boat race or other occasion of Oxford distinction. He was educated eight years at the New College School of Choristers, and was scholar enough to do verses and essays, as well as impositions, for the incapable and idle. He probably had some poor gownsmen in his pay, for the demand was far greater than Randall could himself supply. He kept a shop in the High Street for hats and hosiery, with bows and arrows and a few other articles usually required at the time. Many of his Oxonian customers had friendly as well as business relations with him, and not a few are the cases I have heard of his giving timely warning to some elder brother or other member of a family to save a youngster from some imprudent step, whereas there were some tradesmen in Oxford of a very different class, who, after too much credit, would introduce their customer to a money lender, with a hint as to the estate or future expectations. The value of Randall's services has at times been great indeed. He was elected Mayor of Oxford in the year 1859. "How well Mr. Randall was fitted for this important office," says Cox, "I was well aware. How admirably he discharged the duties was loudly expressed at a dinner in commemoration of his mayoralty."

At Christ Church all impositions were required to be in the handwriting of the offenders. At Trinity no questions were asked. The barber, then Wilmot, used to contract for them. Mere copying Wilmot would do himself, but for scholarship he had men in his pay. Probably men since known to fame and now in affluence were once the drudges of this college barber! Very likely; as poverty is a stern mistress and wields a sharp goad too.

Tom Briggs' irregularities caused him to receive frequent messages in this form:

"Mr. Briggs will write out the Psalms for the morning he missed chapel;" or "the lecture which he missed with Mr. Short, and have his name crossed in the buttery till sent in." Briggs thereupon was so ingenious as to make a very simple arrangement, as he said, for his greater peace of mind. "I tell the Common Room man not to come near me—it makes me nervous to see his red head and groggy face—but to take these records of very high crimes and misdemeanours straight to old Budd, my scout. Then Budd takes them to Randall, and receives and delivers the impositions at the buttery, and so I know nothing about these pains

and penalties, and live in a state of blessed innocence till Randall's bill comes in at the end of the term." That the Common Room man should have told all these contrivances to his old masters, the Dean and Tutors, supposed to be thus partially defeated, is by no means unlikely. Rustication rarely is inflicted but from an accumulation of offences, Tom Briggs' dodge with his impositions perhaps among the number.

No wonder Tom was often in scrapes and found himself in a dilemma, with no choice but to do deeds of which his conscience was ashamed. This was true of all his set; though some I believed to be really at heart much better than their actions would imply. With several of these men, whom I believed fit for better things, I used to talk and advise, especially over a quiet breakfast table. And if any man has any good genial stuff within him, any milk of human kindness surging in his breast; any soft and silken ties, which mothers weave and sisters strengthen, and all the chaste associations of a parent's roof yet further wind around the heart, linking the cradle with the grave—if these are not all severed and burst asunder, the morning is the season when they put forth all their strength. The excitement of the noon-day, and the riot of the night, week after week, may try them hard and seem to part them; still, in the daily drama of life, sleep timely lets fall the curtain, and all the virtues the profligate would have stifled reviving with the morning sun send a thrill through the breast and instinctively whisper, "It is not too late to be wise."

College debts from time to time form the subject of many letters of indignant parents, answered by long-suffering creditors in the daily papers. Westfield, of Oriel, took "the benefit of the Act"—debts "unsecured," of course, £1,250; assets, one silver pencil case, value about three and sixpence! I remember also A. Blank's hunting coat and boots, among other goods and chattels, being sold at old Wise's auction rooms. It was proved that Blank's allowance from his mother, a dame at Eton, was £250 a year. His tailor's bill alone was £300. Such bills often imply a long course of buying to sell, or robbing Peter to pay Paul. This was one of those men who go "tic" for everything, and spend their allowance in fees and turnpikes. But both these cases were exceptional. Fools and knaves are found everywhere, and the same men would be ruin to tradesmen and a heartache to their parents, whether at Oxford or any other town in England. They may also, in some cases, be numbered with the many lunatics at large—men who are mad on one point, and that point, the use of money. I could, of my own acquaintance alone, name two, who literally should never be trusted without a keeper in any shop.

As to old Wise's auction room, this was a book auction going on in a room in St. Clement's nearly every day in the beginning

of term. Little was sold but the books, pictures and clearings of undergraduates after taking their degrees. The room was a common lounge, though, as in other places, many were tempted to bid who never came to buy. Old Wise was rather humorous, never missing a chance of reflecting on college piety or theology when he had any bibles or divinity books to sell. The history of his life was a strange one. He was in Paris in the days of Robespierre, and having dealt with the Court he had a narrow escape with his head; fortunately Marie Antoinette's incriminating letter found on him was in English, and he could pretend it was from his sister, as his inquisitor knew no English.

But college debts in a milder form are almost invariably a cruel surprise to parents of small income at the time of the degree, and hang like a weight about the neck of the young curate or the student of the law for years after. The majority of undergraduates never had the management of more than a five-pound note in their hands, when all at once a cheque for fifty had to be apportioned between college dues with wine, confectioners, grocers, clothes, and some twenty different items. A little excess in each being multiplied by twenty soon makes a serious deficit. Some ten years since, Mr. Parker, the old Oxford publisher, told me that my calculation still held good when I said that few took their degrees without owing one year's income, whether their allowance was £200 a year in Trinity, or a £1,000 for some rich man in Christ Church.

I have often been consulted by fathers, and asked the question: "How much shall I allow my son at college?" The last case was that of a millionaire with a son leaving Harrow for Cambridge. I replied, "In your case it matters little as to the money but more for the habits of economy you would wish your son to cultivate. Now, considering that the social influences of our Universities form no small part of their advantages, I should say, after paying all fees, furnishing rooms, and private tutoring, if required, allow your son £300 a year, but if he hunts or keeps a horse, this must be a separate bill for you to pay." If not the son of a rich man I should have advised the same, only with two hundred a year instead of three hundred.

"Then with this allowance you think he ought to keep clear of debt?"

"Yes, with a little common sense on your part to keep him straight."

"How does he want that?"

"I'll wager you wanted keeping straight last Christmas; with all your experience does not every year's winding up draw forth the old remark, 'Who would have thought it?'"

My friend looked looked rather guilty, and said:

"Then what am I to do?"

"I will give you a hint which will keep every collegian fairly

straight, unless he is really a bad one, or one of the lunatics aforesaid. When you give him his first quarter's allowance remind him of the care required in making it do for a variety of different expenses and say, 'Without treating you as a child and asking what you do with your money, I shall ask you at the end of the term, and before you begin another, to name every penny (if any) that is then unpaid." Say this, and start him clear with another quarter's allowance, and it were a useful lesson if you told him to try to economise for the deficiency of the first term. Continue this till the degree, and not much harm is likely to happen, otherwise debts produce debts, and the more they accumulate the less likely such difficulties are to be looked in the face."

In my time the tradesmen were more disposed to book than to take ready money, partly because a running account binds the customer to the same shop, and partly because men will book ten pounds where they would not pay down five. On this principle Archdeacon Paley (the author of the "Evidences of Christianity"), said, "I always make my wife and daughters pay ready-money. I admit they only buy what they think they want, but ready-money checks the imagination." The profit on clothes and all fancy goods is so large that the extra orders of those who book soon pay for bad debts and long credit. A tradesman said to me in my first term, "I give as long credit as any one." This was to get my custom. I said, "I hope not to require it." He replied, "Yes, sir, nearly all think so, just at first." In those days your name and college was deemed security, but now society in Oxford, as elsewhere, is more mixed, and an old tradesman told me that he was obliged to be more cautious.

From time to time when some Oxonian has been bankrupt, there have been remarks in the papers as if University tradesmen were especially guilty of inveigling young men on to their ruin. This was no more true of Oxford than in other towns. It is not in Oxford only that tradesmen have pressed young and inexperienced customers that they might introduce some money-lender and make them "fly kites." Some have expected that the Dons would take care of the young men, and heavy have been the complaints of fathers who found that their sons had been unchecked by any college authority in a long course of extravagance.

A statute was once proposed to limit credit, but the tradesmen showed that it would be inoperative. Debts bad in law would be good in honour. The prices would be raised for the risk. Add to this, London tradesmen, tailors especially, used to send their travellers to call at the college for orders, and if credit was barred in Oxford it would still be given in London. Others wisely argued, college is a preparation for life, parental leading-strings are enough; if any one leaves his son three years without looking into his accounts he deserves to suffer for his folly. For,

what man of experience does not know that among his older neighbours a large part lives at "Agony Point," to the end of their days; the extras, the "'tis buts" and the contingencies of life eating up all margin and reserve which should place them in easy circumstances, so why should they expect prudence and cool calculation in their sons at the very outset of life?

Nowhere was there less excuse for debt, yet, from inexperience chiefly, nowhere was debt more common than at Oxford—inexcusable, I say, because every man knew his income and started with money in hand. When once in debt to your tailor or wine merchant you lost all control; you must take what the tradesmen sent, had no check on the price, and soon learnt that to continue to give orders, or "to feed the duns," was the only way not to be pressed for payment. Alex, crafty in this as in other ways, when dunned would say, "You want money? Well, Jones or Robinson are in funds, send in your bills to them"—rather precocious this, for college days, but Alex was a sharp practitioner. Alex's door was beset with duns sometimes. I have seen an ostler with a stable bill, a man for pigeon-shooting, a shoemaker, and a harness maker, all about Alex's staircase nearly at the same time. Once Charlie found a poor fellow from Abingdon, waiting about all the morning for payment for bringing Alex's horse to Oxford, left at Abingdon by him at an emergency. Charlie was disgusted and paid the half-crown, and afterwards told Alex he might repay him if he pleased, and that such shirking was a disgrace to the College. Such painful cases were not common; but when once a man is in debt he feels in an awkward dilemma; it becomes merely a question whether he shall be mean to one man or to another. So truly did Dr. Johnson say, "Regard not debt lightly, regard it as a calamity; it makes all virtues difficult and some impossible."

SENTENCED TO SIBERIA.

"SIBERIA? I have had five-and-twenty years in Siberia."

So said my fellow-passenger. We were on board a Petersburg and Hull steamer; we were passing down the gulf of Finland, and the low fortifications of Cronstadt were growing more and more indistinct in the distance. We were sitting on deck, he and I, each with the fraternal pipe in his mouth, and were getting through the preliminary stages of acquaintanceship-making. Passengers are few and far between on these liners, and one has to make the most one may of such as the gods think well to send. Plainly, this smoking companion of mine did not spring from the educated classes. His was not a refined face; though, so far as the pock-marks, with which it was liberally tattooed, would permit one to see, it was an intelligent and not an unkindly one. He was unusually big and strongly built, and though in the downhill of life, would still have been an ugly opponent in a tussle. His dress, and personal appearance generally, indicated the well-to-do man. Even to those who know something of Western Russia, "Siberia" has an awful and mysterious sound, and the experiences of one who had spent a quarter of a century in the Czar's great prison-house must be worth the hearing. I proposed to myself to cultivate my big acquaintance.

Had he, I asked, seen anything of convict life? He was of opinion that a man could not well live where he had lived without seeing something of it. Was that life as dreadful as English novel-writers represented it, and as English people generally supposed it to be? My fellow-passenger was no reader of novels, and had been too long from home to know what English people generally thought; but he could tell me a thing or two that had come under his own notice, and I might judge for myself.

Nothing, I assured him, would give me greater pleasure than to listen.

"I am a Lancashire man," said my big friend, "and I rose from the ranks. I began life much as other mill-hands do; but my head was set the right way on my shoulders, and I got to be an overlooker. Five-and-twenty years ago, when a great English firm, whose operations extend over many parts of Russia, started a cotton mill at Ekaterinburg, I was offered a post as manager. Ekaterinburg is, as I dare say you know, on the Siberian side of

the Ural Mountains, and in the heart of the government mining districts. A man thinks twice before he transports himself and his family to such a place, but I had made up my mind to get on, and this was a good chance to one in my position.

"I was not disappointed. I looked well after the mill, and it prospered. We north-country operatives are a thrifty folk, and like living in a plain way. I saved money; and as it was the policy of our firm to keep me in my post, and to give me a personal interest in the undertaking, I was allowed to invest my few hundreds of roubles in the mill.

"These common-place particulars about my own affairs can have very little interest for you, sir. I only tell them because otherwise you would scarcely understand what has to follow.

"One evening, late in our short Russian summer, when the long days were fast drawing in, we were in our family sitting-room, I engaged with some of the mill accounts, and my wife with her sewing, when Lottie, our eldest daughter, rushed in, and, without a word, fainted right away on the floor.

"This did not more frighten my wife and myself than it surprised us, for Lottie was a sensible girl, and had never given way to any hysterical fancies before. We knew that it must have taken a good deal to upset her in that way, and as soon as we had contrived to bring her round, we made her tell us what had been the matter.

"It seemed that she had been alone in her room, when, turning suddenly towards the window, she became aware of a face pressed closely against the glass and glaring at her. What the face was like she was unable to describe, but it appeared too ugly and horrible for a human being. If it could have been called that of a man or woman, she said, she should not have been so frightened.

"I went out and looked round the house. Nothing was to be seen. We knew Lottie to be a sensible girl, but we were inclined to think that her fancy must have played her a trick for once.

"After a time my wife left the room to see about our supper. My wife (she has been dead now this nine years) had as strong nerves as any woman that I ever knew—nothing ever seemed to knock her off her balance. Well, she came back in a minute or two, and beckoned me to the door. She was calm enough, but I could see by her face that something was wrong. She would not say what she had to say before the girl for fear of frightening her again. So she whispered to me outside. 'Lottie must have been right, there *is* something about. When I opened the door of the *kladovoy*' (the larder, that is) 'I heard something at the window. Whatever it may have been it took the alarm, and did not let me see it; but it has left its marks on the lattice.'

"I followed her silently to the *kladovoy*. All was now quite

there. I examined the *fortochká*—as in Russia we call the little window of such a place. In summer time its glass casement was removed, and it was now only protected by a lattice of crossed strips of fir-wood. These strips were slightly displaced, as if some one had tried to force them out, and thus to gain entrance. The *fortochká* was about large enough to have admitted the body of a man.

"Nothing was to be seen by looking out; for though a reasonable amount of twilight still remained, it was only enough to show things with any distinctness in the open, and I had sheltered the back of our house by planting a number of young fir trees. I whispered to my wife that she should go back to Lottie, and that I would stay where I was for a bit, and see whether the robber—if it was a robber—would come again.

"It was scarcely to be called late, yet it was too late for any of our mill people to be about, and they were our only neighbours. Indeed, we had no near neighbours. My house, and one adjoining it (intended for another *employé*, but at that time unoccupied), stood partly within the high wooden fence which inclosed the mill; that is, their backs opened into the inclosure (the *dvor*, as we call it), whilst their fronts looked on a public thoroughfare. Thus our back premises were strictly private after the gates to the mill had been closed; and the person—if it was a person—who had got to the windows must either have secreted himself within the *dvor*, or have gained access to it in some improper manner. Now, however, all was still as could be.

"Down I sat, to watch, close by the door of the *kladovoy*. I chose a dark corner, and one where, in the dusk, it would have been a hard matter to see me, but I had a full view of the lattice. I waited till my patience was beginning to wear out, and then fancied that I heard some slight sound outside under the *fortochká*. It was so slight that at first I was not sure whether it might not be merely fancy, but after a little pause I heard it again, louder and more distinctly. I sat still as a mouse, and kept a sharp look-out.

"Slowly and gradually something raised itself before the opening. It was a head; but in the uncertain light I could not say whether it was a human head or that of some brute creature. Whichever it might be, I could see enough of it to know that it was such a wild, haggard, unearthly-looking thing as I had never looked upon before. Any quantity of shaggy hair was hanging about it, and its only features to speak of seemed to be eyes. Eyes it had past all mistake. Never did I see anything like the way in which it glared at our good provisions within. I have seen what a famished wolf looks like, and I should hardly think a famished wolf worth comparing with that creature. It was ravenous after what it saw. Up beside the head came two bunches of long claws, which wrenched at the wooden lattice as if to tear it down.

But they were too weak. The strips held fast. And then the thing fell to with its teeth to gnaw a way through.

"Whilst the creature was thus engaged, I contrived to slip quietly from my dark corner by the door, and catching up a big stick, went out at the back of the house. I stole round as noiselessly as I could towards the window. There were, as I said, young fir trees on that side of the house, so that with a little care it was not difficult to approach the place unobserved. When I got to within a few yards, I saw that the man—for the creature *was* a man—was still hard at work, trying to force a way in.

I dropped my stick, and made a rush at him, and had him before he knew anything about it. He did not give up quietly. He struggled hard—desperately, I may say. But, bless you! he'd not the ghost of a chance with me. I am a tolerably strong man still, as men go, and I was younger then. I could have undertaken three such as he, and thought nothing of it. The poor wretch had no sort of condition about him—he was mere skin and bones—no muscle at all. He was nothing but a walking anatomy, with a few rags by way of covering—and only a very few.

"All that he gained by his struggles was a good shaking, for I gave him one that made every tooth in his head chatter; and then I laid him flat on his back.

"I had been long enough in the country to gain some knowledge of Russ. I could use it pretty freely to our mill people; and I must own that for terms in which to blackguard a set of lazy rascals, as most of those fellows are, Billingsgate isn't a patch on it. So I could make my prisoner understand me. 'Now then, my friend,' I said to him, 'you needn't take the trouble to show any more fight. You see it won't pay. So just get up, and march quietly off with me to the *ouchastok*'—the *ouchastok* being, as you perhaps know, equivalent to the police-station in English.

"But instead of getting up, and doing as he was told, like a reasonable being, the creature contrived to wriggle itself upon its knees, and to hold up its hands; whilst it begged of me in the name of the Virgin and all the Saints not to hand it over to the *politzia*. It would rather be killed outright, and was ready to be beaten as much as I pleased.

"'My ragged friend,' I said, 'you are a queer chap! Why do you object to the police so strongly?'

"The poor wretch made no direct answer, but only reiterated his entreaties that I would not give him up. I began to have some suspicion of the quality of my guest. 'I am inclined to think,' I said, 'that you are neither more nor less than an escaped convict.'

"Instead of attempting to deny it, he only begged me to pity him as before.

"Russian law is terribly hard on those who in any way assist

in or conceal the escape of a convict. Of that I was aware. But though I am a big fellow to look at, and in some things can hold my own as well as any man, I have always been a poor, soft-hearted fool in others. I was beginning to feel downright sorry for that poor devil—it was not so much his prayers that fetched me, as his looks. 'Well,' I said, 'suppose I don't give you up, but let you go. What then?'

"He would always remember me with gratitude. He would go on his way at once, and do no harm to my property. He was no thief. He had only entered this *dvor*—this yard, to hide himself, but that the sight of food had overcome him; he was famishing, and he dared not beg. He had walked, how far he could not tell, perhaps a thousand versts, and all the way he had not dared to ask for food, scarcely to speak to a living soul. He was trying to reach his own village, perhaps a thousand versts farther. If I would only set him free he would go on at once.

"That was about the substance of the fellow's answer. His appearance seemed to bear out his statements, and I was inclined to believe him. 'It's sheer nonsense,' I said, 'for you to talk of setting off for a walk of a thousand versts, if I let you go. You might as well talk of flying. You have not the strength to walk ten. You would only fall by the road-side, you miserable scarecrow, and die in a ditch. I should be doing the kinder thing by you if I handed you over to the authorities. If I *do* let you go, I must give you something to eat first. Come with me.'

"The miserable wretch hardly believed that I really meant to feed him, and would have run away had he dared. I took him into the empty house, of which I had the key, and fetched him as much food as I thought it safe for him to eat.

"So there I was, with an escaped convict on my hands. Had I been more prudent I should have reflected that the fellow was most likely a hardened scoundrel, quite undeserving of pity, and that his gratitude would probably be shown either by robbing me, or, if he should happen to fall into the hands of the police, by getting me into trouble to save his own worthless neck. I ought to have thought of these things; but, as I said before, I am a soft-hearted old fool, and neglected to do so.

"I kept him in that empty house for several days; in fact, till he had so far recovered his strength as to be fit to go on. Nobody knew about him, not even the members of my own family, for if I was doing a foolish thing, I had sense enough to run as little risk over it as possible. Feodor Stepanovitch, for that my convict told me was his name, enlightened me on some few points of his personal history. His native village was, he said, in the government of Vladimer, and he had left it to get work in the town of Ivanova, where there are factories. Every man tries to make out a good case for himself, so I did not feel myself bound to place implicit reliance on Feodor's statement

that he had never committed anything that could properly be called a crime. According to his showing, the sole source of his troubles had been a difference with an *ouvadnik*—a police agent. I do not exactly remember the particulars, but, of course, there was a woman in the business; blows had passed, and the *ouvadnik* had, by a false charge, procured Feodor's condemnation to Siberia for life. This, I say, was *his* story.

"Feodor told me that his place of exile had been somewhere far up the country; and of the severities he had had to endure, and of the tyranny of officials, he spoke bitterly. After making his escape, the privations and dangers he had undergone before reaching Ekaterinburg, were such as I should not have believed from his words, had they not been verified by his appearance.

"For a Russian, he appeared to me to be a not unintelligent fellow, and I pointed out to him the difficulties he would find in making his way to Ivanova—a distance of not less than twelve hundred versts from Ekaterinburg, as the crow flies; and advised him, as he was used to mill-work, to stay and find employment where he was. I was weak enough to offer to help him, and see what could be done in the way of getting a passport for him. But the fellow was bent on going forward. He was resolved, he said, to see his family again, and he was resolved to see Basil Makaroff. This Makaroff was, I found, the *ouvadnik* to whom Feodor attributed his troubles, and it seemed to me that his particular hankering to see this person meant a craving to have his revenge. I confess that when I had learnt this much, I felt no desire to detain my friend Feodor longer than was necessary. I was glad to give him something more decent in the way of clothing than he had brought, and a trifle in money to help him on his way, and to be rid of him.

"I never expected to see him again, nor wished to do so; and I was somewhat startled when a few weeks later, among a gang of convicts which were being marched by a guard of soldiers out of the town on their way eastward, I recognized Stepanovitch. I was standing close by when he passed, and was so much surprised to see him, that I somewhat imprudently, perhaps, spoke to him by name. But, will you believe it?—the ungrateful dog stared me in the face, and marched sullenly by without word or sign of recognition. 'So much,' thought I, 'for gratitude!'

"Some months later, when the next summer was getting well advanced, we had one night an alarm of fire. Many of the newer mills at Ekaterinburg are of stone, but the main building of ours, being comparatively old, was of wood. It was a thing to blaze up like a box of matches. It was not, however, in the main building that the fire had broken out, but in some sheds connected with the main building by a range of shopping. This last was stone-built, but as ill-luck would have it, covered with wooden shingles.

"A good many people were soon got together, mostly our own

hands, and I directed and encouraged them as well as I could to get the fire under. But they are a stolid, heavy set of fellows, those Russians, and the way in which they take care not to over-exert themselves at a fire is enough to drive an Englishman wild. Yet there were some few who worked well, and one fellow in particular, I noticed, a ragged fellow, a beggar I took him to be, who really worked splendidly, and in a way that ought to have made many of those whose daily bread depended on the existence of the mill ashamed of themselves.

"What between the apathy of those lazy scoundrels generally, and want of water, it was soon plain that the sheds which were on fire could not be saved, and that what we had to look to was the mill itself. The danger of the main building was increasing every moment, for the fire was beginning to make its way along the shingled roof of which I spoke.

"I could see what had to be done—those shingles had to be stripped off. I had a ladder reared against the building, and called for volunteers to mount it. The height of that roof from the ground was considerable, and the fire was every moment getting more and more hold upon it. To strip off the shingles would be a hard job, and a hot one, and it is not to be denied, a dangerous one. Not one of those cold-blooded rascals who had eaten our bread for years would come forward. I stood at the foot of the ladder, and told them I was going up myself. I offered twenty roubles—fifty roubles—to any man who would help me. But it was of no use.

"Just when I was about to mount alone, the ragged stranger-fellow, whom I had before observed working so vigorously, came running up. He had been too busy in another place to know what was going forward sooner. That was scarcely a time for taking any particular notice of people's looks, yet I had an impression that he was not altogether a stranger to me.

"He looked up to the roof. The delay of those few minutes had given a fearful advantage to the fire. 'There is death up there,' he said; 'Is saving this mill so *very* important to you.'

"'If it is burned, I am a beggar. Every *kopeck* I am worth is in it. A hundred roubles if you will help me save it!"

"'We can talk of the reward afterwards,' he said, as he sprang past me, and up the ladder like a cat.

"I was following, too eagerly, perhaps, to be careful, and I am a heavy man. A round broke, and down I came, with a knee so much twisted that I could scarcely stand. It was no longer in my power to climb to the roof.

"But from where I propped myself against a wall, I could see that ragged fellow, who was up and doing enough for three or four ordinary men. You should have seen how he sent the shingles rattling down. Seen from below, he seemed at times to be working with fire all round him, but he went on without minding it. I never saw an Englishman—let alone a Russian—go to it with a

better will. I heard the people round me say that he worked more like a fiend than a mortal man—and so he did. He handled the burning wood as though his fingers had been iron instead of flesh and bone, and scarcely seemed to shrink from the flames that blazed up round his face. He never appeared to rest or stay for breath till he had succeeded in cutting off the communication between the fire and the mill.

"I made the men below set the ladder as handily as they could for him to get down, and he did his best to reach it. But he must have been quite used up, besides being pretty much blinded and suffocated with the smoke. Anyway, he lost his footing, and down he went through the rafters, and crashed among the burning rubbish below. It was an ugly fall.

"We got him out as well as we could; and such a scorched, smoked-blackened, smashed up copy of God's image I should never wish to see again. But he was still alive, and to the proposal to carry him straight to the hospital I said, 'No; take him into my house.' So they took him in.

"After we had got the fire quite under, and made all safe about the mill, I limped to the side of the bed where they had laid the poor fellow. He had come round a bit by that time. He tried to open his eyes, but it seemed to me that the fire and smoke had not left him much power of seeing with them. He spoke, however, more distinctly than might have been expected, and his first question was whether the mill was safe.

"I told him that owing to his pluck it was. I was surprised to find that he recognized my voice, and still more when he named my name. 'You do not know me,' he said—and, indeed, it was not likely that any one should know such a crushed and shapeless mass of cinder as he was—'You do not know me—Feodor Stepanovitch. They caught me, and took me back. I knew you when you spoke to me in the street, but I dared not answer, lest they should suspect you of having befriended me. I have escaped from them again, and am going home to Ivanova. I must see my wife, and that villain Makaroff.'

"He lay a little, and then added, 'I am glad I was here to help you to-night. I am glad they did not take me again before I got here. I do not think the *politzia* will take me again.'

"And they did not; for he was dead within an hour of that time.

"That, sir, is the end of my story of a *Siberiak*. Do you happen to have a light handy; for, somehow, I have let my pipe out? And, bless me, my pipe-bowl is quite wet. I believe I'm crying. What an old ass I am!"

SOCIETY GOSSIP OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

SOME people seem to imagine that society-gossip and society journals are creations of the present day, and that they never existed before. A greater mistake than this could hardly be made. If we take up the time-worn magazines and papers of George III.'s days, we find them literally swarming with spicy anecdotes, short artfully-worded biographies, and broad hints about the male and female celebrities, who were then the fashion. Occasionally the biographies are ornamented by *tête-à-tête* portraits, which are rendered still more attractive and piquante by italics and blanks underneath, thus leaving something to stimulate the curiosity. Some of these run as follows: "The Admirable Advocate and Miss C—e; The Pliable Penitent and the Tithe-Hunter; Lord M—t—t and Mrs. Lov—b—nd; Lady Magnet and the Polar Nauticus; The elegant Mrs. O—n and the Approved Magistrate; The Whimsical Lover and Miss D—le; The Cautious Commander and Mrs. P—t; The Brilliant Baronet and Miss S—; The Popular Governor and the lovely Mrs. Ell—s; and so on, through a variety of titles, which were, no doubt, an open secret at the time.

All the scandal of high life is detailed and commented on with amazing gusto. The Countess of D——'s infamous career afforded delightful tit-bits for the curious; we are told how, one evening when she was expecting a great deal of company at a rout (spelt "route"), an execution was brought on the earl's house. Lady D——, as fertile in expedients as Sheridan, sent up to his lordship's wardrobe, and fitted the bailiffs out in a couple of suits of cast-off laced clothes, had their hair dressed up in the mode, and ushered them into the drawing-room under the name of "two country relations of the earl's!"

The beautiful Marchioness of Carmarthen's extraordinary *penchant* for Jack Byron; her letter to him fastened by a wet wafer, which was opened by the footman, and brought to Lord H—nesse, her ladyship's father, with numberless other particulars not fit to be mentioned here, gave ample food for the scandal-loving community. As to the murder of Miss Ray, the actress, by the Rev. Mr. Hackman, that was a tragedy that supplied the world with endless materials.

The birthdays at Court, too, afforded a great deal of gossip. There were always curious incidents and curious dresses to be

seen there, which gave rise to smart verses, clever caricatures, and cutting repartees.

On the 18th January, 1782, the evening of the Queen's birthday, the Princess Royal, in going down the first country dance, got the fringe of her petticoat entangled in her shoe-buckle, so that the dance had to be stopped for a short time. The effusive penny-a-liner, in mentioning the coincidence, thought it might be well to lay the butter on as thickly as possible, and burst forth into the following sentence: "On recovering from this accident, the princess appeared rather embarrassed, and if anything could possibly add to her native beauty, it was the involuntary blush which the circumstance called forth." It also gave rise to the following verses—

"'Twas at the birth-night ball, sir,
God bless our gracious Queen!
Where people, great and small, sir,
Are on a footing seen,
As down the dance,
With heels from France,
A royal couple flew,
Though well she tripp'd
The lady slipp'd,
And off she cast her shoe.

Doodle, doodle, doo!
The Princess lost her shoe,
Her Highness hopp'd,
The fiddlers stopp'd
Not knowing what to do.

Amazed at such a pause, sir,
The dancers to a man,
Eager to hear the cause, sir,
Around the Princess ran;
Lord Hertford, too,
Like lightning flew,
And, though unus'd to truckle,
Laid down his wand,
And lent a hand
Her royal shoe to buckle.

Doodle, doodle, doo! &c.

* * * *

The Princess soon was shod, sir,
And soon the dance went on,
'Tis said some guardian angel, sir,
Came down to get it done;
Perhaps 'tis true,
Old England too
Might dance from night to noon,
If slips of state
Amongst the great,
Were mended half as soon.

Doodle, doodle, doo!
Egad! 'tis very true,
For late or soon
They're out of tune,
And know not what to do."

This allusion was probably made on account of the unpopularity of the King, who had resolutely set his face in favour of the American war.

Another birthday, January 18, 1785, was celebrated with extraordinary *éclat* at St. James', and Society's doings on this occasion were recounted with much zest and minuteness. At noon, the park and Tower guns were fired, and a drawing-room was held which was not over till six o'clock. The King wore a suit of scarlet, "grandly embroidered" with gold; his Majesty's star, George and epaulet, were of diamonds and uncommonly rich. The Queen, "as usual on her birth-day, was very neat, though she wore but few ornaments; such diamonds as were mingled with her dress were displayed with great effect." The Prince of Wales was in a dark blue velvet, very richly embroidered down the seams, and made a most brilliant appearance. His Highness's coat had the appearance of net work, laid upon gold. The Princess Royal, by her superior grace and dignity, captivated every beholder. If anything could add lustre to so much personal perfection, it must be the choice and magnificence of her dress. Her Royal Highness's train was a small pattern in gold tissue, with poppy colour. The decorations of the petticoat were finely conceived in wreaths of foil and gold, with a beautiful embroidered *crêpe en Vermicelle*, brilliants, gold tassels &c. The whole of her attire, we are told, was adjusted with uncommon address, and had a most superb and wonderful effect. The Princess Augusta was exceedingly elegant, and resembled her sister in all the delicacies of person and dress. The Marchioness of Lansdowne might be considered a model of great taste and fashion. Her ladyship was in white satin covered with a curious embroidered crape in silver and foil, with wreaths of wild roses most beautifully disposed. *Des plumes Chinoises*, the most brilliant we ever saw, exclaims the enthusiastic chronicler, reclined with much elegance and ease from a band of white crape across the petticoat, and pointed to a most superb border of great beauty and workmanship. The embroidery represented vine-branches, with fine embellishments in foil and gold, and was terminated at the bottom by a rich lace with silver and spangles. The Duchess of Rutland's dress (wife to the lord-lieutenant of Ireland) was very much admired. "It discovered," so we are informed, "both her loyalty to the country where she presides, and the peculiar elegance of her taste." Her train was of Irish stuff, and the most distinguishing ornament of her dress a display of gold chains. "I don't like," said an Hibernian, "the appearance of *chains* so near anything that's *Irish*." Another pun was that "Her grace might be truly said to lead the world in *chains*."

Lady St. Asaph was extremely brilliant in a purple and gold tissue, ornamented with uncommon grace and elegance in flowers of purple foil and gold fringe. Lady Parker, Lady Salisbury, Lady Galway, and the Marchioness of Buckingham were likewise

distinguished for their beauty and fashion. Lady Galway was in a poppy-coloured satin, trimmed with crape, gold fringe, tassels, &c. The figure of Lady H. Waldegrave, and the elegance of her dress, attracted universal admiration; she appeared in a violet-coloured satin, with a white petticoat, which was most superbly decorated with festoons of gold, embroidered crape and bugles; her head-dress was equally elegant and striking. Waxing still more eloquent our correspondent proceeds to tell us that Mrs. Warren Hastings, whose dress was much admired, excelled infinitely in the richness of her jewels, and her appearance altogether was truly "noble and elegant." Her robe, which was of white satin, was superbly wrought in various devices of embroidery and ermine. The ornaments that covered her petticoat were of the most brilliant kind; easy festoons of embroidery and jewels, which hung across the middle, were delicately intermixed with bows and wreaths of the purest ermine, and at the bottom was a range of superb gold ornaments, *en gros bouillons*, embroidery and spangles. The Duchess of Richmond wore blue striped velvet, richly trimmed with blonde, embroidered crape, and bugles. None shone more conspicuous than Mrs. Johnstone: her dress, emblematic of her mind, was white, richly embroidered with bugles; she looked "divinely handsome, grace was in all her steps." Lady Walsingham was in a poppy-coloured satin, covered with a crape, beautifully embroidered in pearls, intermixed with point lace. The ladies were dressed with extreme elegance, but particularly the Countess of Harcourt, the Duchess of Rutland and Lady Salisbury.

Among the gentlemen, also, "were several beautiful suits, those of Mr. Pitt, Lord Carmarthen, the Duke of Manchester, Lord Southampton, Lord Salisbury, Lord Lewisham, and a few others, struck us most forcibly."

Having exhausted the subject of dress, the fashionable newsmonger goes on to tell us of the carriages at the Birthday:

The Duke of Gordon displayed an elegant pearl-coloured coach, bordered with blue, and lined with white; the carriage and wheels were of straw-colour, veined with blue; the hammer-cloth was white and straw colour; Lord Duncannon, an elegant carmelite chariot; Lord Carbury, a coach, pearl colour, edged with scarlet, the lining a bright poppy—hammer-cloth, scarlet and white; General Sloper, a coach carmelite and white—hammer-cloth, carmelite with white lace; Mr. Neville, an orange coach, stone-coloured linings, and wheels edged with bronze. St. James' Street continued for the greater part thronged with gentlemen's carriages, in which parties of ladies were seated, the beauty and loveliness of some of whom would have done honour to a Court. Some city nobility, were present, and here and there, a few, from Duke's Place and its environs.

As the night approached, a display of illuminations were made, by which the different court tradesmen demonstrated their loyalty.

The house of Weltjie in St. James' Street was distinguished for its superior brilliancy. In the central part of the illumination, the initials of Her Majesty were formed of small variegated lamps. Mr. Sherwin made a like display in small coloured lamps. Brooks' Kenny's, and White's, &c., &c., kept each other in countenance. In the evening there was a splendid ball. The Prince of Wales danced with the Princess Royal and the Princess Augusta. Prince Edward, who never before honoured the birth-night assembly, succeeded his brother, and walked a minuet with the Duchess of Rutland, and afterwards with the Countess of Salisbury; minuets were continued till past eleven, when country dances were assumed. The Earl of Salisbury appeared to have very little mercy on Lord Stafford, when he presented him with the hands of two maids of honour in *one* night. 'Twas as Wolsey says, "too much *honour*." Mr. Pitt and Lord Howe remained more in conversation with His Majesty in the ball-room than any other of the ministry. Lord Galway and Lord Brudenell, with two or three other courtiers, were round the king's chair. It was remarked by the whole room that the Prince of Wales and his brother Prince Edward "stood singular for a peculiar attention to their partners, and thereby set an example of politeness, and of something better, not often seen in courts, but well worth introducing there." While the ladies who most distinguished themselves were dancing, the names of Vallony, Gallini, and Wills were mentioned with applause as their masters. Such was the fashion when George III. was king.

Their Majesties stayed during four country dances, a circumstance rather uncommon. They did not retire till near half-past eleven. "It would be to pass over the most extraordinary dances of the evening," continues our magazine correspondent, "were we not to remark that Captain Hanger had the good fortune to stand alone in the circumstance of having afforded a good deal of merriment in his minuets. The captain dances not ungenteelly, but there was an irresistible provocation to risibility in the *tout ensemble* of his appearance and style of movement that first occasioned a smile on the features of royalty, communicated its effect on the grave faces of ministers, and actually threw the Prince of Wales into a convulsive fit of laughter. The ladies partook of the paroxysm, and Mr. Hanger himself good-naturedly assented to the general ridicule by joining in the laugh as he handed himself round the circles. This is, perhaps, the first time that the *pas grave* of a minuet has been considered as a mighty good jest, but there are moments when even the most serious circumstances serve only to produce a comic effect." As Captain Hanger's dancing at Court on the Queen's birth-night, was told in a manner which consisted, as Goldsmith says, of "all laugh and no jest," a correspondent, who was not there by "hearsay," but actually in the Lord Chamberlain's box, sent the following account: "Captain Hanger, being a major in the

Hessian service, wore his uniform the night of the ball, which was a short blue coat with broad gold frogs, with a belt equally broad, across his shoulders, from which his sword depended. This dress being a little particular, attracted some notice, which was further heightened by the captain's dancing; not that he dances ill, far from it, but that it smutches more of the old school than those of Denoyer and Vestris. This much, however, only gained a little attention, and some whispers of 'Who is he?' 'Whence comes he?' but on the first crossing of his partner, the captain put on his hat, which being of the largest Kervenhuller kind, ornamented with two large black and white feathers, produced a smile at the upper end of the room; this smile drew a loud laugh from the Prince; and as the laugh of the great is always companionable, it soon circulated round the room till it reached the captain himself, who very good-humouredly laughed down the joke by giving a very whimsical account of his dress, as well as the circumstance of his wearing it on that occasion."

"The ladies' hair," we are informed, "was dressed very low and mostly in form of a horseshoe; the caps were decorated with flowers and feathers, and the general dress was satin (or sattin, as it was then spelt). One conspicuous lady, though her name did not come out, sported a *black body and pink sleeves*." Everybody stared, many laughed, and the *outré* costume was so much condemned that the lady departed at an early hour. The very chairmen condemned it, and said it put them in mind of a porter who had got new sleeves to an old coat." Mrs. Hobart was handed out by Colonel North, and by the inattention of her servants, stood on the stone staircase for nearly an hour, until her "hundred and sixty-four little curls were all frizzled into a blouse by the wind." So, we need not flatter ourselves that this generation has a monopoly of scandal gossip and tittle-tattle, for our great-great-grandfathers seemed to have kept the ball going in famous style themselves.

C. J. HAMILTON.

"OFF SCARBOROUGH."

CLANG! Clang! Clang! Clang! comes booming over the blue waters as the "Volsung" and the "Kelpie" slip merrily across Filey bay towards the Bell Buoy, which is swinging with the ebbing tide, and ringing out its harsh warning note slowly and regularly as it rises and falls upon the long ground swell which is rolling in from seawards.

On the port beam is the famed "Filey Brig," stretching a long rugged barrier out into deep water, against which green seas are breaking, and flinging aloft pillars of glittering white spray, which contrast sharply with the ruddy brown of the rocks. Abaft, the picturesque little town of Filey stands perched on its high cliff line, bounded left and right by two wooded "ravines" which run up from the beach, with its ancient church tower showing against the blue sky over a fringe of green foliage, whilst the shores stretch away on the starboard hand in a bold curve of red and grey to the grim chalk wall of Speeton Cliffs, and the bold headlands and tiny hollows of Flambro' are almost lost in a shimmer of mist.

"Keep away down to the buoy," signals the pilot, as the canoes toss their bows up against the cross tide which sets strongly over the rocks below, and plunge their polished decks under the breaking surges; and a few minutes later we can see the words "Filey Brig" in white letters on the cage, and note the four hammers rising and striking the bell—which is fixed inside—as the waves lift.

There is a weird melancholy in the sound of a bell-buoy, which associates it with the requiem of drowned men lying amid the tangled weeds, and one skipper at least feels relief as the Brig is rounded, and ahead is the open sea with a fresh breeze ruffling its waters into white topped wavelets, and in the far distance the bluff Castle Rock of Scarbro'. A strong tide is running bravely northward, but the breeze off shore is freshening, and unluckily shifts a point or two, so that a head wind will spoil the quick run which the sailing masters have counted on making.

As the "Kelpie" clears the reef a roller suddenly rises, and before she can be eased up to meet it, down comes the foaming crest dashing into the well. "Lend me the sponge, 'Volsung,'" and in response to the hail, the cabin boy stupidly throws it at the "Kelpie's" quarter-master, who misses it, and before either crews

can reach the spot it has sunk out of sight. So both pilots may count upon a wet voyage if they let their vessels ship much water.

The cliffs to the left show long lines of colour, where the different strata meet and lie above each other, and change abruptly from curving hollow to jutting point, whilst all along the foot lie great boulders worn with many a heavy gale, and covered with rich brown sea-weed, amongst which the waves break with swish and swirl. Although lacking the majesty of Flambro', and wanting the awesome wondrous caverns, yet the rock scenery of Filey is glorious and not to be forgotten. With steady and firm foot you may spend long hours of delightful scrambling, and reach an archway in the cliff where the sea breaks in through three different openings, to foam and gurgle in hidden fissures. And you may plunge into a fairy pool, which lies in the hollow floor of a rock-walled amphitheatre, and bathe in the cold placid "Emperor's Bath." But care must be taken to watch the tide if you would avoid a perilous climb up the face of the cliffs, and with a heavy sea coming in the waves wash dangerously and treacherously up and over the pathway, and then as suddenly rush back with a fatal "under-tow." A white marble tablet on the Filey end of the Brig records the drowning of a lady and gentleman years ago, who, seated heedlessly on the rocks, were swept away by a mound of water, which, without a sign of warning, dashed over them.

Gristhorpe Cliffs are bold and lonely, and here sea-gulls build, leaving the Speeton Cliffs to scouts, parrots, and other ocean fowl, but, lofty though they are, yet the "cliff climbers" find their way down to get a harvest of eggs.

A coble is running "free," her blue and red bows cutting through the green water, and her red tanned lug-sail standing up in a full round curve above. As she dashes past us the crew of three hands nod a cheerful greeting. "How long will this tide run?" hails the "Volsung." "Till two o'clock, sir," answers the burly helmsman, and next moment she is to leeward, leaving us to forge our way onward through the track of hissing foam she has left behind her.

There are no finer sea boats in the world than Yorkshire cobles when properly handled, and they ride bravely when big steamers are making bad weather of it, as, rising like birds to the wild North Sea waves, they stagger almost in the teeth of the wind itself. They are built on somewhat curious lines, with a deep sharp bow and heavy keel, which runs for only half the boat's length, and then they broaden away to a flat floor aft. They can thus be beached easily when the rudder, which projects some two to three feet below the floor, is hauled up. They usually carry a single "dipping lug," which is hoisted on a mast raking aft, a handy, though somewhat dangerous, rig. Although such

weatherly stiff craft, they are risky unless the boatman knows how to humour them, and they need constant watching, for with such a grip forward as the deep bow gives them, they have a decided tendency to fly up into the wind unless met by the helmsman; and the sail is set so much forward of the mast that, if in tacking the coble misses stays, there is danger of her being taken "aback," and boats have been known to be blown stern under and sunk.

It is nearly two years, however, since the last coble was lost around this part of the coast, and then she went down in a winter's gale with her men.

"One of the lads came ashore next tide," said the grizzled old fellow who told the tale as he pulled a coble into the North Landing at Flambro', puffing the while a short black clay pipe; "but Bill he war lost until a rarely queer thing happen! Me and my mate was seven moiles out wi' our nets in forty seven fathom aboot, and mortal heavy they was to get in. Then we catches a sight o' su'thing under t' water, and Bob, he says, 'Here's some poor fellow for sure,' and right enewf he war, and when I see t' sea boots above water, for it come oop heels for'rard, I sez, 'why it's Bill,' and so 'twas, and I ken't him by t' rig of him. Sike a thing never happen afoor."

But whilst the "Volsung" has been making these notes the "Kelpie" has sped onwards, and is in amongst the surf which is breaking over the reef which juts out from the southerly point at Cayton Bay, watching two men hauling up their lobster and crab-pots hand over hand, but the "take" is evidently not a good one. The bay is a pretty curve, and a favourite walk from Scarbro' along the beach, but spoilt by the hideous chimneys of the water-works which are pouring out filthy smoke into the clear air, and the dull thud of the pumping engines comes on the breeze.

A nasty back wash is coming off the rocks at the foot of the cliffs, which, meeting the tide at right angles, knocks up a cross sea; so the signal is made, "Come along off that shore," and the fleet steer out for the offing where the long ocean roll is easier. It is a huge mistake that timid boatmen make when they hug the land, for the water is far rougher owing to the currents which the cliffs throw off, and, though it seems reason to hold that in case of an upset there will be less distance to swim ashore, yet if your boat is staunch she will be far safer a mile or two away in deep water, and you need not fear a ducking. Given a "hatch" over the well to keep out the waves which *will* break on deck, plenty of sea room and a steady nerve, a Rob Roy will paddle where any open boat can live—at least so the "Volsung" dare maintain. As the course is laid straight for the lighthouse of Scarbro' Harbour, which opens ahead, the whole of the lovely bay and town comes into view. Verily, this is the queen of watering places, matchless for situation and beauty. Away up to

westwards stands "Oliver's Mount," on whose towering height, tradition says, the Protector Cromwell planted his guns to play upon the Royalist stronghold. Wooded slopes are dotted with trim villas which merge into rows of lofty houses perched up on the edge of the high cliff, where they look down some hundreds of feet upon beauteous gardens and winding pathways on to the famed "Spa Saloon," with its wide terrace and sea wall, where the fashion and beauty of the counties around promenade morning and evening to the strains of a band; for few ever taste the Spa waters which give the place its name, and the springs are carefully hid out of sight at the bottom of a winding stair. At the south end of the grounds a tramway runs up to the top of the cliff, the two cars being worked by means of water, which is let into a tank beneath the floor of the one which is at the top station, and then run out when the bottom platform is reached, the other carriage, which has been drawn up with tank empty by the descending full one, being then filled to pull up the first again, now empty, at the lower level, and so on.

A deep valley cuts off the south cliff from the town, spanned by a graceful bridge at a giddy height, and beyond the Grand Hotel stands up like an island in a sea of roofs and gables, which roll gently in a curve, to rise steeply to the north side. Then, like a sentinel on guard over all, the great Castle Hill rises sheer from the waves four hundred feet below, turning a green slope to the town and fronting a bold face of weathered rock to the sea. On its crest are the ruined towers and crumbling walls of its once powerful keep, which the gallant Newcastle and his light-hearted cavaliers held for the king so stoutly—now the summer camping-ground of milder volunteers. Around the foot of this ancient fortress and the red-tiled roofs of the old town beneath cling memories of fierce and stirring times when Harold Hardrada and Tosti, the traitor Earl of Northumbria, with their Norsemen, stormed the burgh and set it ablaze after hours of desperate slaughter. The present castle was founded in Stephen's reign by William le Gros, Earl of Albemarle and Holderness, and has been the scene of many a fierce encounter and doughty deed. Here it was Piers de Gaveston fled for refuge, but was taken and beheaded by his relentless foes. The great Robert Bruce, and Robert Aske, the leader of the pilgrimage of grace, both alike failed to take this fortress, though each had captured the town; but in Wyatt's rebellion against Queen Mary, a party of adventurous soldiers, disguised as peasants, under Thomas, the second son of Lord Stafford, surprised it; although it was shortly re-taken by Nevile. Twice was it blockaded by the Roundheads, and finally reduced and dismantled to its present state of picturesque ruins, which are well worth visiting, even if you are not anything of an antiquary, for the sake of the splendid view of sea, town, and country therefrom.

Scarbro' Harbour is formed by three stone piers, and is divided into an inner and outer, but as it is a tidal one, and bad to make in dirty weather, it is of little use to any but small vessels. A fine wide road leads from it along the foreshore, skirting the Customs House, the Coastguard Station, and Lifeboat House to the low level entrance of the Spa, and on to the sands, bounded on the seaside by iron railings, the favourite lounging spot of 'long shore boatmen, who don nautical garments for the season and pose before inland visitors as true-blue salts and "antient mariners," and can, if the weather be calm and fine, get up a sail and let the gentle breeze carry their boat (hired for the summer) before it somehow, but to whom "Luff" and "Full and bye" are terms of mystery.

This is one of the head-quarters of the Yorkshire Fishing Fleet, and in the herring season especially is crowded by smacks, yawls, Scotsmen, and even Penzance luggers. A charming picture is the bay on some late summer evening when the sun has sunk over the distant wolds, leaving a deep glimmer of rosy light on the sky which tinges the bluff bows and tanned sails of the little crowd of trawlers lying motionless on the steel-blue water under the shadow of the castle rock; whilst the lights ashore twinkle brighter as the gloom deepens, and the music on the brilliantly-lighted Spa floats soothingly across the ripples with the dusk, and mingled with it is the hum of voices as to and fro paces the throng of careless loungers, and idle, easy pleasure seekers. If you are fond of dress, of artificialness, of fine ladies and affected do-nothing men, Scarbro' is a most enjoyable place indeed, but if you love salt sea foam, the whistling wind, creaking block, and all the healthy life of the coast, then come not here, for amongst the faultlessly attired spa-troopers, dirty flannels, and brown hands and face are sadly out of place.

But the "Volsung" and the "Kelpie," having rocked upon the tide until the crews are clamorous for lunch, are swung round and got ready to be driven through the long rollers which are coming in with the tide and are breaking in three successive ridges of snowy whiteness on the yellow sand. "Stand by!"

Flannels are rolled up above the knees, and the rough blue guernsey sleeves doubled back, whilst the two pilots seat themselves on the decks abaft the well of each canoe, their heels resting on the combings, ready to jump off into the water if needs be.

"Go-ahead." "Steady!" The paddles dip, and next moment the incoming surge catches the sterns, tosses them up, and then rolls shorewards, shooting the boats on its curling green back. Running a surf is very lively work, and if you are not afraid of a dash or two of cold water over your shoulders, most enjoyably exciting. The great risk is that, as your boat is travelling in the same direction as the moving water, she will be carried before it, and if you lose command of her, she will sheer broadside on to

the wave and be rolled over. To prevent this, "easy pulling," as the roller approaches, and if it is a big one, back a stroke or two to give her way against it and meet it; then, when the crest has passed, go ahead behind it. By thus carefully dodging, a boat may be beached safely, but not otherwise.

The "Kelpie" is leading and somehow shoots on too fast. A wall of green water catches the "Volsung," and as her pilot drags a hard back-stroke to keep his ship straight, he sees it rush tumbling down, and before he can shout a warning, a gleam of foaming green and white buries the "Kelpie" out of sight. There is a rush of boatmen and fisherlads along the shore, and two men in a rowing coble get out their oars to pull to the rescue, but the "Kelpie's" skipper is too cool a hand to be flurried by such a slight mishap, and long before the laughing "Volsung" can near him, he is swimming calmly shorewards, towing with one hand his swamped canoe, now more than half full of sparkling water. A second wave breaks, and they are both rolled over and under again, but coolly reappear, and next moment are washed up on to the ribbed sands. The "Volsung" has meanwhile landed without mishap, and her skipper takes charge of the ships, whilst the dripping voyager disappears hotelwards in quest of dry gear, greatly elated because "I managed to keep my cap on my head through it all anyway."

"Two hours and a quarter from Filey to Scarbro' against a head wind is very good time." So the "Volsung" reflects as he lashes the canoes on to a cart for transport to the railway station. Half-an-hour later, as he is superintending the shipment of the fleet into a guard's van, a ticket inspector comes up to him with:

"What a marciful thing the other genel'mn is no worse arter his danger."

"Oh, he was in no danger; he got ashore easily enough."

"Why, yes, but they tell me as how he be upset off Filey Brig this mornin', and have had to swim wi't canoe right away here."

Then the "Volsung" smiled softly as he heard thus of the "Kelpie's" fame as a long-distance swimmer. He answered:

"Ah, but he had a strong ebb tide under him."

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